



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

HAND BOOK  
TO THE  
LAKES OF KILLARNEY

G. A. Ireland

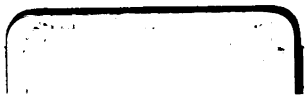
8° 68



Gough,

Add.

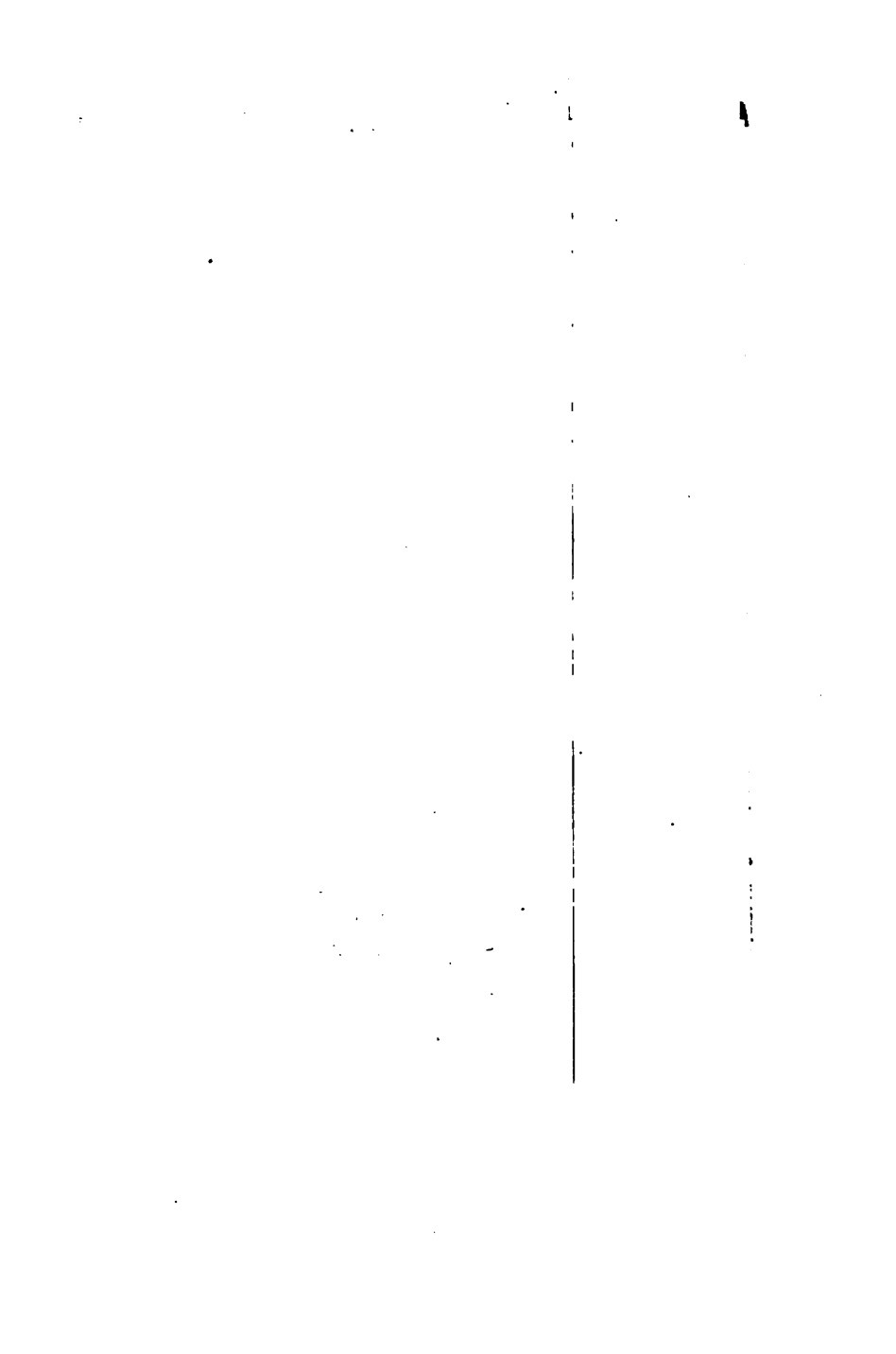
Ireland, 8<sup>00</sup> 68.



Gough,

Add.

Ireland, 8<sup>00</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 68.



DESCRIPTION  
OF THE  
LAKES OF KILLARNEY,  
AND THE  
SURROUNDING SCENERY.

---

“Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,  
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,  
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.”

*Childe Harold, canto 1.*



London:

W. H. SMITH & SON, 136, STRAND.

M.DCCC.XLIX.



---

HUGHES AND ROBINSON, PRINTERS,  
KING'S HEAD COURT, GOUGH SQUARE.

---

# CONTENTS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Menai Straits—Conway Bridge and Castle—Britannia Bridge . . . . . | 1    |

## CHAPTER II.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Dublin—Kingstown—Royal Visits—Public Buildings . . . . . | 8 |
|--|---|

## CHAPTER III.

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Killarney—Hotels—Charges—Routes to the Lakes—Gap of Dunloe—Upper Lake—Ronayne's Island—Long Range—Eagle's Nest—Middle Lake . . . . . | 13 |
|--|----|

## CHAPTER IV.

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Killarney—Lower Lake—Ross Castle—Innisfallen Island—Ross Island—Rabbit Island—O'Sullivan's Cascade—Glena Bay—Ruins of Aghadoe . . . . . | 32 |
|---|----|

## CHAPTER V.

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Muckross Domain—Muckross Abbey—Brickeen Island—Dinish Island . . . . . | 54 |
|--|----|

## CHAPTER VI.

|   |      |
|---|------|
| Carrantuohill—Mangerton—Heights of Mountains—Gad- | PAGE |
| dagh River—Hag's Teeth—Lough Callee—Lough Cou-    |      |
| ragh—Anecdote of Mr. O'Connell . . . . .          | 62   |

## CHAPTER VII.

|  |    |
|--|----|
| The Kenmare Road—Scenery on the Kenmare Road—    |    |
| Looscannagh Lough—View of Upper Lake—Cliffs of   |    |
| Cromaglan—Sir Richard Courtney—Cascade of Derry- |    |
| cunihy—Hyde's Cottage—Torc Cascade—Ruins of      |    |
| Aghadoe—Dunloe Castle—Lough Guitane—Coltman's    |    |
| Castle—Lord Kenmare's Domain—Description of the  |    |
| Lakes . . . . .                                  | 73 |

## CHAPTER VIII.

|                      |    |
|----------------------|----|
| Conclusion . . . . . | 87 |
|----------------------|----|

## INTRODUCTION.

---

I HAVE endeavoured in the following pages to refrain, as much as possible, from saying any thing which might be calculated to raise expectations respecting the scenery of Killarney, which would not be realized on visiting that favoured spot: there is no great harm in saying too little of its merits, whereas much disappointment might be caused by saying too much; particularly when we consider how tastes differ: there are some who naturally have not any taste or feeling for the picturesque;—to such, a visit to Killarney will be likely to end in disappointment.

There are several places of considerable interest in the vicinity of the Lakes, which are well

worthy of a visit. The visitor to these Lakes ought not to leave the south of Ireland without visiting Glengariff and Bantry Bay, Gongaun Barra, Cork Harbour, and the River Lee; and to the lover of close river scenery, an excursion from Youghal to Lismore or Mallow, along the Blackwater, would prove a source of much gratification. In Ireland there exists a variety of scenery which is quite remarkable: in the north we have the Giants' Causeway, which affords a double interest; it has engaged the attention both of the geologist and the lover of coast scenery. In the south are the lakes of Killarney, the Shannon, and the numerous other points of interest which have been already alluded to. In the east is the justly celebrated mountain and river scenery of the county of Wicklow; and in the west there is the wild and romantic scenery of Connemara and Joyce's country, which, in my mind, approaches nearer to the sublime than any thing that is to be met with in Ireland.

The Map which accompanies this little work has been carefully reduced from the Ordnance Survey,

and I am also much indebted to the surveys of Mr. Nimmo and others for much valuable information : I may, therefore, claim for it extreme accuracy.

With respect to the names of places, I have in every case followed the orthography of the Ordnance Survey : as great pains were taken in the compilation of that work, it must, therefore, be considered as a high authority on the subject.

In the work itself I have given numerous quotations, because I considered that the opinions of distinguished individuals who have visited these scenes would be more interesting and instructive than any thing I could have advanced myself on the subject. I have taken some pains to insure accuracy ; at the same time errors may have passed unnoticed : should such exist, it is hoped that the reader will kindly make mention of them, in order that they may be rectified in a future edition. With respect to the length of time requisite to visit the Lakes, I should recommend tourists to devote to them, if possible, a week. Those who only remain a day or two, go

away with a very imperfect conception of their numerous beauties,—it is, in fact, making quite a business of a pleasure. The weather here is, unfortunately, very uncertain; which makes it more necessary not to limit oneself to a couple of days. To the artist, Killarney possesses attractions of no ordinary kind; and to the lover of angling the Lakes will be found to possess interest of a different character. In conclusion, I feel that I cannot do better than give the following extract from a very able and liberal article which appeared in the 'Times' of the 18th of June :

“A season comes in every year when Englishmen are converted into a nation of tourists. The high-pressure of parliamentary, professional, and commercial occupation is taken off, and the enjoyment of the holiday-making is in proportion to the irksomeness of the previous confinement. We are a good deal laughed at by foreigners for our roving propensities,—they are never at the pains to consider the true explanation of the fact. It is because we work so hard, that, when we find an opportunity, we travel so

fast and so far. We are but changing our occupation after all, and making a business of our amusement. An English traveller does his work as conscientiously as the most trustworthy bagman. He purchases one of Mr. Murray's handbooks for a particular district, and verifies the indications it contains. He checks off the mountains, ruins, and galleries, and is very careful in communicating to Mr. Murray any information he may practically glean as to the qualities of inns and the peculiarities of diet. 'Tourism' is, in fact, a duty of annual recurrence, and must be discharged.

"This year, unfortunately, the Continent is sealed to pleasure-seekers. To which of the old remembered spots shall a tourist convey himself and his family? To be sure, if he have a taste for Dutch pictures, there is the Hague, and the flat plains of the peaceful Hollanders. Between this and Turkey a traveller must make his election if he desire to travel in continental parts. In Paris, a man's dressing-case and the bonnet-boxes of his helpmate might at any moment be converted into the topmost ornaments of a tasty barri-



cade. Paris is the city of the *imprévu*. If a summer party should try the Rhine, this is but another word for offering themselves as targets to the Trans-Rhenane marksmen. A corpulent merchant, or adust conveyancer, who should adventure his person at Baden, would, as a matter of course, in twenty-four hours find his head decorated with a gaily-plumed hat, and himself marching under the green-wood tree to various republican airs of an exciting character. Prussia won't do. Saxony with its beautiful capital is still worse. Who would willingly try the Danube and Austria? The Italian Peninsula is out of the question. From desecrated Venice to that city which has been so rashly styled Eternal, and thence to Naples,—all is trouble, disorder, or actual warfare. For this year the Continent is hermetically sealed to all but the most adventurous and irresponsible tourists.

“We are so far happy in the British Isles, that it is rather an advantage to those amongst us who love beautiful scenery for its own sake, to be turned back upon our own country. The impulse to ‘take a run

upon the Continent,' when we have a month to spare, is too strong to contend against. Now, whether we will or no, we must fall back upon our own resources. There are the Scotch Highlands and the English Lakes; there are North and South Wales,—Snowdon and the Vale of Festiniog; Chepstow and the Wye;—there is Devonshire with the Dart and the Exe; there are the southern counties with all their beautiful home scenery. All these points are more or less visited by all wanderers. There is one portion of the British Isles, however, which, as far as beauty and variety of scenery are concerned, yields to no other, but yet remains comparatively unknown. How few are the persons who, except for business purposes, have visited the southern and western districts of Ireland! One occasionally meets a stray sportsman who has gone salmon-fishing in the Shannon, or spent a season in Connemara; but these are rare exceptions to the rule. Ireland, by mere tourists, not being natives of the country, is rather less frequented than the Spanish Peninsula, and yet it would be easy to point out in it districts which, once seen, would hang in the recollection for ever as spectacles of

natural beauty. There is the Bay of Dublin; nearly the whole of the county of Wicklow; the counties of Waterford and Cork; Kerry with the Killarney Lakes; the South Riding of Tipperary with the Golden Vale; portions of Limerick; Clare with the Mohir Cliffs and its fine coast scenery; Galway with its magnificent bay; Connemara with the Killeries, and districts of Mayo. If a tourist should visit the spots we have just indicated, he would return with the conviction, that beautiful as continental scenery may be, there are points in Ireland which may stand competition with the show districts of any other country.

“An agreement has been come to between the London and North - Western Railway Company, the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, and the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, by which tourists can be transported from London to Killarney and back for £ 6 in the first, and £ 4 in the second class. They will have an opportunity given them of visiting the Cove of Cork and the beautiful scenery of the south of Ireland. There is no way in which a fortnight could be more profitably or ‘enjoyably’ spent than in such a trip; but, independently

of this, we wish to recommend the scheme to public attention for other considerations.

“To take part in such an excursion as the one proposed is to combine a duty and a charity with a pleasure. Why should not our poor Irish fellow-subjects benefit by the careless expenditure which takes place when the purse is heavy and the heart light? It may be said, indeed, that innkeepers and beggars would be the parties most immediately benefited. That is true in a sense; but yet, the innkeeper would increase his orders, and the mendicant his scale of expenditure, in a degree proportionate to the advantages they received. We refuse, however, to argue such a question upon strictly economic principles. Ireland just now wants a moral fillip. A little stir and bustle would do the country good, and set heads a-planning and hands a-working, that but for such an impulse might have remained idle and unemployed. See what tourism does for Switzerland—remember what it did for the Scotch Highlands after the publication of ‘The Lady of the Lake,’ and still more when the Scotch novels appeared. Besides,

charity in such a case as this will prove of advantage to the donor as well as to the recipient. Many an imperfect notion and many a crude speculation upon the political and social condition would receive a check, even from a few casual glances at the physical aspect of the country, and the more salient features of Irish society. We would hope, if this scheme of the summer excursion to Killarney and the Cove of Cork should answer, that it would generate a taste for similar expeditions in years to come. Great good to Ireland would arise from a little friction between the two islands."

A VISIT  
TO  
THE KILLARNEY LAKES.

---

CHAPTER I.

MENAI STRAITS.

Conway Bridge and Castle—Britannia Bridge.

THE completion of the Chester and Holyhead line, as also the opening of the Irish Great Southern and Western Railway to Mallow, makes this the route *par excellence* for the English tourist to take in visiting the Lakes of Killarney. It not only effects a great saving of time, but also of expense, owing to the arrangement lately come to by these two Companies ;\*

\* The London and North-Western Railway Company have made arrangements with the Great Southern and Western Railway Company of Ireland, which enables them to carry passengers from London to Killarney and back in the first class for £6, and in the second class for £4: allowing the tourist a fortnight for the trip. Passengers going in this way have also the privilege of travelling on the branch lines of the Great Southern and Western Company free. Should the tourist economize his time, he will be able to visit, besides Killarney and Glengariff, the Harbour of Cork and the River Lee, Bantry

and, what will be considered as no mean advantage by those who suffer from sea-sickness, it only involves a passage of from four to five hours,—sometimes even less.

Those who have never before visited North Wales, ought, if possible, to devote a day *en route* to seeing the Conway Bridge and Castle, and also spend a short time at the Menai Straits, where, independent of very beautiful scenery, there is the attraction of the Menai and Britannia Bridges: under any circumstances, the traveller will have an opportunity of getting a bird's-eye view of the Strait, and also the Britannia Bridge, as, in consequence of the railway not being completed across the Menai Strait, passengers are conveyed by coach from the Bangor station across the Menai Bridge to Llanfair, about four miles, by rather a hilly road, which affords some good views, and then join the railway again, from whence it is completed to Holyhead.

Perhaps there is no place, within so short a distance of the manufacturing districts of England, that will afford such an amount of varied gratification to the antiquary, the lover of fine scenery, and to the admirer of scientific mechanism, as Conway. The

---

Bay, Gougaun, Barra, and return either by Limerick and the Shannon, or through the county of Wicklow. The time taken in going from London to Killarney, at present, is twenty-six hours, which is thus divided: from London to Dublin, 13 hours; from Dublin to Mallow,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ ; and from Mallow to Killarney,  $5\frac{1}{2}$ . This latter journey is performed by coach, the railway not being yet completed.

traveller, approaching this town from Chester by the railway, passes along an embankment contiguous for some distance to the road leading to Telford's Suspension Bridge; side by side, within a few yards of which, is that extraordinary engineering achievement, the Conway Tubular Bridge, which was completed and opened for public traffic on May the 1st, 1848. Plunging through this aerial tunnel, the train glides by the picturesque and venerable ruins of Conway Castle, and the grey and turretted walls of the old town; and on arriving at the station, (the architecture of which has been made to harmonize as carefully as possible with the antique and mouldering towers and broken arches of the surrounding ruins,) the visitor finds himself in one of the most picturesque spots in Great Britain. The interest which formerly attached to the Conway Tubular Bridge is now absorbed in the grander experiment of its neighbour at the Menai Straits; yet we cannot refrain from devoting a few lines to its description. The span of this bridge over the river is 400 feet; the entire length of the tube being 412 feet, to allow 6 feet bearing on each side. The width inside of each tube (of which there are two,—one for the up and one for the down train), is 14 feet, and its height  $22\frac{1}{2}$  feet at each end, gradually increasing to  $25\frac{1}{2}$  feet in the middle, so as to lessen the deflection of the base of the tube. The entire weight of each tube is 1300 tons; the height of the bottom above high-water mark being 18 feet. The section of the tube is rectangular, and is composed of wrought iron plates, varying from  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch to  $\frac{7}{8}$  in thickness,



and of various lengths and widths, the greatest strength being in the middle. In its construction it exactly resembles the Britannia Bridge.

*Britannia Bridge.*—Although attention has been of late so much directed to this most stupendous effort of engineering skill, and so many descriptions have already appeared, yet a few particulars respecting the design and execution of this great work may prove acceptable.

It was at first intended to carry the Chester and Holyhead line over the Menai Straits on the present Telford's Suspension Bridge, built between the years 1820 and 1826 : but it was found that this elegant structure was not fitted to bear the strain and vibration which would be occasioned by the passing of a railway train, and the idea was abandoned, on an intimation from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to that effect. Mr. Stephenson's next proposal was to throw a cast-iron girder bridge across the Straits, about a mile to the south of Telford's bridge, where a large rock in mid-stream would afford an admirable foundation for a pier of masonry, on either side of which he proposed to erect an arch of 450 feet span ; this would have completed the communication. The height of these arches was to have been 100 feet at the crown, but the Admiralty insisting on a height of 100 feet across the whole opening, so that the navigation might not be interfered with, this plan was also abandoned. After much deliberation and costly experiment, the present Tubular Bridge, as it has been called, was designed,—a struc-

ture on similar principles having been erected, though on a miniature scale, by Mr. Stephenson, on the Cambridge line.

When completed, the entire length of the bridge will be 1849 feet. The great Britannia Tower, whose foundations are laid on the Britannia Rock, in the centre of the Straits, contains 148·625 cubic feet of limestone, and 144·625 of sand-stone: it weighs 20,000 tons, and is bound together by girders and ties of cast iron weighing 387 tons; at its base it is 62 feet by 52, and rises 230 feet from its foundation. On either side of this tower there are clear openings of 460 feet each to the two side towers, which are 62 feet by 52, and 190 feet high; and these are distant each 230 feet from the abutments of either shore,—huge piles of masonry,—that on the Anglesea side being 143 feet high, and 173 long.

The tubes, or long corridors of wrought iron, were constructed on the Carnarvonshire shore of the Straits, and are to be floated by means of pontoons to their respective stations, and then to be raised by the power of hydraulic rams to their final positions. A description of one of these tubes will serve for all. The length of the largest tube is exactly 472 feet, being 12 feet longer than the clear span between the towers, and the greatest span as yet attempted. This additional length is intended to afford a temporary bearing of 6 feet at each end, after they are raised into their places, until there is time to form the connection between them across the towers. Their greatest height is in the centre 30 feet, and

diminishing towards the end to 22 feet. Each tube consists of sides, top, and bottom, all formed of long, narrow, wrought iron plates, varying in length from 12 feet downwards. The direction in which these plates are laid and riveted together is governed by the direction of the strains on the different parts of the tube. They are of the same manufacture as those for making boilers, varying in thickness from  $\frac{3}{8}$ ths to  $\frac{1}{4}$ ths of an inch. Some of them weigh nearly 7 cwt., and are among the largest it is possible to roll with any existing machinery. In the sides, the plates are 6 and 8 feet long, and half an inch thick; but the longest plates are in the bottom, being 12 feet long, by 2 feet 4 inches wide, arranged in double layers. At the top they are 6 feet in length, and 1 foot 9 inches in breadth. The connection between top, bottom, and sides, is made much more substantial by triangular pieces of thick plate, riveted in across the corners, to enable the tube to resist the cross or twisting strain to which it will be exposed from the heavy and long continued gales of wind that, sweeping up the Channel, will assail it in its lofty and unprotected position. The rivets, of which there are 2,000,000, (each tube containing 327,000,) are more than an inch in diameter. They are placed in rows, and were put into the holes red hot, and beaten with heavy hammers. In cooling, they contracted strongly, and drew the plates together so powerfully, that it required a force of from four to six tons to each rivet to cause the plates to slide over each other. The total weight of wrought iron in each tube is 1,600 tons.

The tubes having been floated into their respective positions, the lifting chains are attached, and by means of the simple machinery of Bramah's hydraulic ram, these immense masses of iron are raised to the required height: on experiment, it was found that a weight of 300 tons, placed in the centre of the tube, when resting only on its extremities, produced a deflection of but 3 inches. When the whole work is finished, the bridge will have a true parabolic curve on the higher side, whose versed sine at the Britannia Tower will be about 7 feet, whilst the lower side of the tubes will form a straight horizontal line, an allowance of 9 inches in the centre having been made to counteract the deflection caused by the weight of the tube itself. The wing-walls at either end of the bridge terminate in splendid pedestals, and on each are two colossal lions *couchants*, of Egyptian design. These lions, like the bridge they ornament, are on a gigantic scale, each being 25 feet long, 12 feet high, though crouched, 9 feet abaft the body, and each paw 2 feet 4 inches, and weighing 30 tons each. There is some intention of surmounting the central tower with a colossal figure of Britannia, 60 feet high.

## CHAPTER II.

## DUBLIN.

## Kingstown—Royal Visits—Public Buildings.

THE least agreeable portion of the journey is in crossing the Channel from Holyhead to Dublin,—at least to those who suffer from sea-sickness.

The Bay of Dublin will, under such circumstances, be looked for with anxiety, or, more properly speaking, Kingstown Harbour, as

“A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,  
As I who’ve cross’d it oft know well enough.”

The scenery of the Bay of Dublin has been much admired, and by many compared to the Bay of Naples: perhaps, putting historical associations out of the question, the former deserves the preference.

Kingstown, or Dunleary, as it was formerly called, is a place that has increased immensely in size during the last ten years; nothing has conduced so much to this as the opening of the railway from thence to Dublin,\* as by it merchants and others are now enabled to live at some of the delightful bathing places in its vicinity.

\* The Royal assent for this line was obtained in September, 1831; it is  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length.

It was called Kingstown in honour of George the Fourth's visit. It is much to be regretted that Ireland has not been more frequently visited by royalty: I believe that, enthusiastic as are the receptions that her Majesty receives in every part of her realms, Ireland would not be backward in this respect. Should so fortunate an occurrence take place,—I say fortunate, because I consider that a visit to Ireland by her Majesty would set an example which would be speedily followed by thousands of her subjects, —much of the ignorance and prejudice which at present exists respecting that country would be dissipated.\*

Mr. Kohl has made the following comment on this circumstance :

We (my fellow passenger and I) set our feet on shore in Kingstown close beside two illustrious footprints cut in the rock on the quay of this harbour; namely, the footprints of George IV., who on his visit to Ireland, in the year 1821, landed here, and to whose honour a monument was raised on the spot, while beside the monument the two footsteps were chiselled in the rock. I could never have believed that the art of flattery was so well understood in Great Britain. The footsteps of a king chiselled out on his visit! and columns raised to commemorate the

\* "It is a great misfortune of this country that the people of England know less of it than they know perhaps of any other nation in Europe. Their impressions, I do really believe, are received from newspapers published for the set purpose of deceiving them."—*Lord Clare's Speech.*

event! Would it not lead one to imagine Ireland was some little island, far, far removed beyond the usual paths of men; perhaps one of the Orkney or Faroe isles—a perfect ‘out-of-the-way place,’ as the English say—that the visit of her ruler should be deemed a remarkable and never-to-be-forgotten occurrence? And, in fact, when one considers that Ireland, although comparatively so near London, was never visited either by George I., George II., nor George III., nor by any one of her kings throughout the whole of the past century: nay, that no other English king ever before came to Ireland, except with arms in his hands, and when war, rebellion, or foreign enemies required his presence, one may justly say that Ireland looks like a little despised shallop, or a dismayed and conquered cutter, taken in tow by the line-of-battle-ship England.

“Our Kings of Prussia often rejoice the various provinces of their kingdom with their visits. Lithuania alone they seldom visit. The Emperors of Russia are almost always travelling in the various countries of their empire, and show themselves, now in Moscow, now in St. Petersburg, now in Odessa, now in Warsaw; to Siberia alone they rarely go,—they send a friend there now and then. The Emperors of Austria, on their accession, receive homage in all their various provinces, and at other times also frequently show their gracious countenances to the various cities of their empire. To their Wallachian and Hungarian possessions alone they seldom go. But Ireland, this important third of the

Trinity of the British Empire, like the Prussian Lithuania, the Russian Siberia, and the Austrian Wallachia, has been passed by on the left: and, on all English accessions to the throne, has had nothing to do but to waft her applause across the Channel."

To visiting Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland, the tourist ought, if possible, to devote a day. *En passant*, it is a capital which has received much commendation, and, I think, very justly. I know of few cities of the same size possessed of so many fine buildings. The Bank of Ireland (formerly the House of Parliament), the College, the Custom House, the Four Courts, the Post Office, the Royal Exchange, &c., are all noble buildings, and are well worth seeing: they are in general well situated, and not hemmed in by narrow streets and buildings, which is too frequently the case in large towns. The streets are wide and regular. Sackville Street is the widest street in Dublin. Nelson's Pillar, a plain Doric column, is situated in the centre of this Street, and, as it appears to me, is badly placed. I think had it been at either end, it would have been much better; as at present it seems to divide into two one of the finest streets in Europe. The Library of the University is a hall of fine proportions, being 210 feet in length by 41 in breadth and 40 in height. Like the Libraries of Oxford, and Cambridge it contains some fine busts of eminent philosophers and divines, which add much to its appearance. His Majesty George the Fourth was received here on the occasion of his visit, and expressed his admiration.



Should time permit, the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society is well worthy of a visit; it is particularly rich in Irish antiquities.

The principal buildings in Dublin already alluded to, belong to that style of architecture generally distinguished as Classic. There is a great deficiency of the Gothic or Christian style. Dublin contains numerous hotels, which are in general remarkably well managed; amongst the principal, are the Gresham, the Shelbourne, Morrison's, Macken's, the Bilton, the Imperial, &c.

In drawing this short sketch of Dublin to a conclusion, I must not omit to say a word respecting Bindon Burton's, which may truly be regarded as one of the sights of the metropolis. Here the celebrated Red Bank oysters may be obtained in great perfection. The bed is the property of Mr. Burton, and is situated on the coast of Clare. Justly celebrated as the London native is, it must, I think, yield the palm to the Red Bank, which seems to be duly appreciated, if one might come to a conclusion from the influx of visitors to this establishment in the course of the evening.

## CHAPTER III.

## KILLARNEY.

Hotels—Charges—Routes to the Lakes—Gap of Dunloe—  
Upper Lake—Ronayne's Island—Long Range—Eagle's  
Nest—Middle Lake.

THERE are no less than four hotels at Killarney and in the neighbourhood; they are the Kenmare Arms and the Hibernia, situated in the town,—the Victoria and the Herbert Arms, at a short distance out of it. The latter are decidedly the preferable ones to go to; as, independent of being situated near the lake, one is besides not likely to be so molested by beggars, who, I am sorry to say, are more numerous and troublesome at Killarney than any place I have ever been to. The Victoria, which is the principal hotel, is situated about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile from the town, and near the edge of the Lower Lake. Its situation is greatly in its favour; as, independent of the beautiful views which are obtained from its windows of the Lower Lake, Innisfallen Island, &c., it is, besides, close to many points of interest. The Herbert Arms, which is at Cloghreen, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Killarney, is also conveniently situated: although it does not possess the advantage of presenting a view of the lakes, it is nevertheless a convenient hotel for tourists to go to, from its proximity to Muckross Abbey and Domain, Mangerton, &c. The charges

here are very moderate. I find, on referring to a bill, they are, for breakfast, 1*s.* 6*d.*; bed, 1*s.* 6*d.*; and dinner, 2*s.* 6*d.* The charges at the Victoria are a little higher. Both are admirably managed. I would recommend the tourist who is pressed for time to divide his patronage between these two inns; as by so doing, much time may be saved in visiting points of interest. The landlords usually supply boats to visit the lakes: the charge for a boat to carry a party with four oars, is about 15*s.*; the boatmen usually expect a small gratuity. Persons who wish to remain for any length of time at Killarney, will find no difficulty in procuring lodgings in the town. The charges now made at the hotels is not more, I think, than it is usual to make at other places. This, however, was not formerly the case; as there were frequent complaints made, not only as regarded the want of accommodation, but likewise respecting the high charges. There is now a regular scale of prices; so that persons are not likely to meet with any inconvenience under this head. At the same time, the admirable philosophy contained in the following extract from the work of that truly original writer, Sterne, cannot be too generally known and acted upon.

“ And yet, notwithstanding all this, and a pistol tinder-box,—which was, moreover, filched from me at Sienna,—and twice that I paid five Pauls for two hard eggs, (once at Raddicossini and a second time at Capua,) I do not think a journey through France and Italy, provided a man keep his temper all the

way, so bad a thing as some people would make you believe: there must be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce should we get into valleys where Nature spreads so many tables of entertainment. 'Tis nonsense to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be shaken to pieces for nothing; and unless you pay 12 sous for greasing your wheels, how should the poor peasant get butter to his bread? We really expect too much;—and for the livre or two above par for your supper and bed—at the most they are but one shilling and nine pence halfpenny. Who would embroil their philosophy for it? For heaven's and for your own sake pay it,—pay it with both hands open."

There exists some difference of opinion as to the best route to adopt in visiting the lakes, in order to view them and the surrounding scenery to the greatest advantage. Where persons are unavoidably obliged to devote only a single day to view this picturesque district, the best plan to adopt is to engage a pony and ride through the Gap of Dunloe, and order a boat to be in readiness at Lord Brandon's cottage on the Upper Lake, and go from there to the Middle and Lower Lake; where persons cannot remain longer than a single day at the lakes,—which is making quite a business of pleasure, and which short visit must at best give but a very imperfect conception of the scenery,—there is certainly no route which affords so much gratification. Indeed, under any circumstances, I would recommend this route to be adopted, as it gives a good bird's-eye view of the general disposition of the lakes and mountains, and thus

affords the tourist an opportunity of devoting his time afterwards to those points which he may consider of most interest; it is, besides, calculated to give a most favourable notion of the district; and another argument in favour of this plan being adopted, is that first impressions are of great consequence.

A week ought, if possible, to be devoted to this trip, as, from Killarney being surrounded by such high mountains, the weather, for any length of time, cannot be depended upon.

The following is perhaps the best route for the tourist to adopt, should the weather prove favourable, as of course that is an important consideration:

1st day. Gap of Dunloe; Upper Lake; Ronayne's Island; Long Range; Middle Lake.

2nd day. Lower Lake; Innisfallen Island; Ross Island; Rabbit Island; O'Sullivan's Cascade; Glena Bay; and, should time permit, the ruins of Aghadoe which affords some good views of the Lower Lake.

3rd day. Muckross Abbey; Muckross Domain; Brickeen; Dinis Island; and back, by Torc Cottage to Cloghreen.

4th day. Ascent of Carrantual, Mangerton, or Torc.

5th day. Ride along for about ten miles the mail-coach road to Kenmare, visiting Derrycunnily and Torc Cascade.

The morning I started for the Gap of Dunloe, nothing could be more unpropitious than the appearance of the weather. The mountains were completely enveloped in clouds, and I should have gladly retraced

my steps, had I not made arrangements for a boat to meet me at the head of the Upper Lake. It was my good fortune to be wrong in my surmises regarding the day, as a more delicious one could not possibly have been selected. It was at the latter end of October. I should have said a word respecting the season for visiting Killarney.

The autumnal landscape is that most generally admired. I have myself visited the lakes at three different periods of the year, and have each time seen something new to charm and delight: if the autumn present the finest variety of colour, which I think it does, the spring and summer possess the advantage of the long days. Owing to the great quantity of arbutus and holly which flourishes at Killarney, and which are evergreens, the mountains always appear well covered.

From Killarney to the entrance of the Gap of Dunloe are several points of interest,—the ruins of Aghadoe, Dunloe Castle, &c.,—but as the day will be fully occupied in visiting the Gap and the scenery of the Upper and Middle Lakes, the others ought to be left for an uncertain day, as, from their proximity to the town, they can at any time be visited.

The appearance of the entrance to the Gap\* gives

\* "It is, after all, a very natural, a very gloomy, a very lovely ravine, running between the Reeks at one side, and the purple mountain, a huge limb of Tomies, on the other, and is, beyond all comparison, the finest thing of the kind in Ireland. Beside the road through the Gap runs a little river, called the Loe, which, in its brief career through the glen, expands itself at

one a fair estimate of the remainder of the ride. The road through the Gap for a portion of the way is accessible for cars, and for the remainder a pony can be employed. The road through the pass was made by Major Mahony, and although at some places there was not much choice for selection, yet it must be admitted it has been laid out with considerable judgment; there are many of its bends which display the wild romantic scenery of the Gap to the utmost advantage.

I was astonished to find that Mr. Inglis was not more gratified than he has expressed himself with this singular ravine.\* I cannot call to mind having ever seen any thing like it; it appears literally as if this vast range of mountains, of which it is composed, were cleft in twain by a mighty sword: one is not surprised at its appearance having given rise to such a tradition. Mr. Inglis says, its approaches to the

---

three or four different points into small lakes of various and unequal magnitude: in several places immense fragments of rock lie at the road-side, formerly loosened and hurled down from the acclivities above."—*Windle*.

\* "If the traveller visit Killarney without those exaggerated notions which are apt to be conveyed by a guide-book, he will certainly be satisfied and delighted. There is nothing of the sublime about Killarney, but there is all of that kind of beauty which depends upon the combinations of form and colour. The mountain outlines can scarcely be finer than they are; and in the variety of colour produced by the variety of foliage,—from the beautiful bright green of the arbutus, to the brown mountain heath,—Killarney is eminently distinguished."—*H. D. Inglis*.

sublime are very distant;\* I certainly cannot agree with him on this point. I think there are several views in the Gap, which quite comes up to one's idea of sublimity; it is altogether a most singular scene, and one which completely baffles description. It looks as if it were caused by an earthquake, or some other mighty convulsion of nature. The huge masses of rock which have rolled down the sides have the effect of conveying a very good idea of the height of the mountains on either side. The traveller is so completely hedged in that he has nothing else left to assist the judgment, unless, indeed, the numerous goats which are scattered about on the brink of the precipice: these little animals frequently get into clefts of the rock, from which they are unable to extricate themselves, and consequently perish from hunger.

One is not surprised, on seeing the immense number of goats that browse on the sides of these mountains, at the quantity of goats' milk with which the tourist is assailed under the name of mountain dew, in which case it is "qualified craftily" with potheen; and however disinclined he may be for this

\* "The Gap of Dunloe did not seem to me to be worthy of its reputation; it is merely a deep valley, but the rocks which flank the valley are neither very lofty nor very remarkable in their form; and although, therefore, the Gap presents many features of the picturesque, its approaches to sublimity are very distant. I was more struck by the view after passing the Gap, up what is called the Dark Valley,—a wide and desolate hollow, surmounted by the finest peaks of this mountain range."—*H. D. Inglis.*



inspiring beverage on the outset of his journey, I am inclined to think after riding through this pass for a few miles he will not be insensible to its merits.

There are several very fine echoes in the Gap, and which the guide will not fail to awaken. On coming to its termination, and reaching the summit of the road,\* the Black Valley, or Coomeenduff Glen, breaks suddenly, and, I might add, most opportunely, on the view: it is really quite refreshing, after a ride through such grand though gloomy scenery, to come upon so unexpected a treat as the Black Valley and the Upper Lake presents. It is this extraordinary variety and contrast, with which Killarney abounds, that affords such intense gratification. Were the Gap of Dunloe perfectly devoid of interest, it would well repay to ascend it, in order to obtain the magnificent views which this elevation presents. In the whole range of Killarney scenery, I question whether there is any finer than the views presented along this winding road, between the termination of the Gap and Lord Brandon's cottage. At this latter point, per-

\* "On a sudden, a view is obtained of the Upper Lakes, lying deeply imbedded far below, and reposing beneath the shadows of its enclosing mountains. The effect of so sudden a transition, apart from its magnificence, after quitting a scene so wild and savage, the unexpectedness with which it bursts upon the view, bringing such a change into the scenery, is eminently calculated to fill the mind of the beholder with surprise and delight. How surprisingly beautiful is the prospect before us!"  
—*Windele.*

sons usually embark, to view the scenery of the lakes. This route possesses the advantage of having the current in our favour, the fall being from the Upper to the Middle and Lower Lakes; and as there is a considerable current in passing through the Old Weir Bridge, which causes some difficulty and delay in getting the boat through against the current, the tourist is saved this inconvenience by this arrangement, and is not required to leave the boat except in the event of very heavy floods. The Upper Lake, though inferior in point of size to either the Middle or Lower Lake, I think deserves the preference in point of scenery.\*

\* "The Upper Lake displays much greater variety than the other, but that variety arises entirely from different combinations of the same wild and uncultivated features; its shores display none of those contrasts observable on the Lower Lake; between the verdant lawn and rugged heath, the graceful grove and thick entangled forest, the scenery retains its native attire,—and from this circumstance derives its principal interest. In picturesque scenery, indeed, it far surpasses all the other lakes; occasional visitors there are, who are disposed to entertain a very different opinion. It is only by a patient examination of its shores, and particularly of the deep inlets along it, that its full beauties can be discovered, and this is a work of time and labour."—*Weld*.

"To my mind, the Upper Lake is the most attractive; the mountains are nearest to it; it has not one tame feature; and it is more studded with islands, than either of the other lakes. I landed upon several of the islands, and was delighted with the luxuriant vegetation; and, above all, with the arbutus, which is here a great tree, and whose fresh tints contrast so

The following, which are the areas in statute acres of these lakes, will give an idea of their comparative size :

|                                      |      |                |
|--------------------------------------|------|----------------|
| Lough Leane, or Lower Lake, contains | 5001 | statute acres. |
| Muckross, or Middle Lake             | 680  | „              |
| Upper Lake                           | 430  | „              |
| Long Range                           | 120  | „              |

The Upper Lake, which drains a very large district of country, is principally supplied by the Galway River, which, near its entrance to the lake, forms the celebrated Cascade of Derrycunniby, and of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. The river, which flows through the valley of Commeenduff, likewise supplies a very large volume of water, which passes through the Long Range into the Middle and Lower Lakes, where it is further augmented by numerous mountain streams, and also by the rivers Flesh and Dennagh. The outlet of these lakes is the river Laune, which empties itself into the sea at Dingle Bay.

The Upper Lake is remarkable for the number and beauty of its islands : that to which the most interest attaches is Ronayne's Island,\* so called from a

---

well with the grey rocks among which it grows. There is a sweet secluded cottage on the shore of this lake, usually called Hyde's cottage.—*H. D. Inglis.*

\* "A gravel walk commencing at the landing and winding round the rocks, leads to the summit of the island, which is nearly 40 feet above the level of the water.

"No powers of language are adequate to convey an idea

person of that name having retired to this lovely and sequestered spot, where he lived for some years as a recluse, and amused himself by shooting and fishing. It is well worth devoting an hour to, when time permits, as the views obtained from it of the lake and surrounding scenery are very striking.

Having coasted round the numerous bays of the lake, we next proceed to what is termed the Long Range, the entrance to which is guarded by a singular promontory, known as Colman's Eye. The Long Range is a circuitous channel connecting the Upper and Middle Lakes, and presenting some very beautiful scenery:\* but perhaps the point of most interest connected with it is the almost perpendicular cliff in which is situated the Eagle's Nest,† and which is also remark-

---

of the wildness and variety of the view which opens: from this place the lake is seen in all its intricate windings, studded with islands and bounded by immense mountains."—*Weld*.

\* "The narrow passage or channel, between the Upper and the other lakes, is at least five miles in length, and offers a charming variety of scenery. Indeed, I doubt whether any thing about Killarney surpasses the scene around Dinish Island. It is a perfect specimen of close river scenery; nor have I any recollection of having seen its equal on the banks of any of the many continental rivers which are familiar to me."—*Inglis*.

† "About midway in the Long Range we reach the far-famed Eagle's Nest,—the most perfect, glorious, and exciting of all the Killarney echoes. It has been for centuries the residence of these glorious birds: the rock is of a pyramidal form, exactly 1103 feet high.

"It is impossible for language to convey even a remote idea of the exceeding delight communicated by this development of

able for its extraordinary echoes, of which Mr. Weld has given the following admirable description :

“ It is scarcely in the power of language to convey an adequate idea of the extraordinary effect of the echoes under this cliff, whether they repeat the dulcet notes of music or the loud discordant report of a cannon. Enchantment here appears to have resumed her reign, and those who listen are lost in amazement and delight.\*

“ To enjoy the echoes to the utmost advantage, it is necessary that a number of musicians should be placed on the banks of the river, about 50 yards below the face of the cliff, while the auditors, excluded from their view, seat themselves at the opposite bank, at some distance above the cliff, behind a small rocky projection. Were a stranger conducted hither, ignorant of this arrangement, and unprepared by any previous description for the illusory effect of the echo, I am persuaded he would be unable to form a tolerable conjecture as to the source of the sounds, or the number of the instruments. The primary notes

---

a most wonderful property of nature : sure we are, we shall be guilty of no exaggeration if we say that this single incident, among so many of vast attraction, will be sufficient recompense to the tourist who may visit these beautiful lakes.”—*Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

\* “ I must not forget its echoes. I had the advantage of having in my boat the prince of Killarney buglemen, and I had also a cannon of a larger calibre than the public boats carry; and in the course of our voyage we often awoke the echoes of the hills, and I never heard echoes in greater per-

are quite lost; whilst those which are reverberated meet the ear increased in strength, in brilliancy, and in sweetness: sometimes it might be supposed that multitudes of musicians, playing upon instruments formed for more than mortal use, were concealed in the caverns of the rocks, or behind the trees, in different parts of the cliff; at others, when a light breeze favours the delusion, it seems as if they were hovering in the air; at intervals, the treble sounds of flutes and clarionets,

‘In sweet vibrations thrilling o’er the skies,’

are alone heard; and then again, after a short suspension,

‘The clanging horns swell their sweet winding notes,  
And load the trembling air with various melody.’

But notwithstanding the occasional swell and predominance of certain instruments, the measure of the melody is not impaired, nor do the notes come confusedly to the ear. The air which is played should, however, be very slow, and the harmony simple, affording a frequent repetition of perfect chords.

“When the music has subsided, whilst every auditor still remains in a state of breathless admiration, it is usual to discharge a cannon from the promontory opposite to the cliff, which never fails to startle, and to stun the ear, ill prepared, as it must be, for the

---

fection. There is, certainly, something bordering on the sublime in the oft-repeated echoes of the mountains, even when these are awoken, not by the deep-mouthed thunder, but by the sonorous bugle.”—*Inglis*.

shock, after dwelling upon the sweet melody which has preceded it. The report of the gun produces a discordant crash, as if the whole pile of rocks were rent asunder, and the succeeding echoes resemble a tremendous peal of thunder. During a favourable state of the atmosphere, upon which much depends, twelve reverberations, and sometimes more, may be distinctly counted; and, what appears extraordinary, after the sound has been totally lost, it occasionally revives, becomes louder and louder for a few seconds, and then again dies away.

‘ Now seems it far, and now anear,  
Now meets, and now eludes the ear,  
Now seems some mountain’s side to sweep,  
Now dies away in valley deep.’ ”

Mr. Young gives the following description of the Eagle’s Nest.

“ Having viewed this rock from places where it appears only a part of an object much greater than itself, I had conceived an idea that it did not deserve the applause given it; but upon coming near, I was much surprised. The approach is wonderfully fine, the river leads directly to its foot, and does not give the turn till immediately under, by which means the view is much more grand than it could otherwise be. It is nearly perpendicular, and rises in such full majesty, with so bold an outline, and such projecting masses in its centre, that the magnificence of the object is complete. The lower part is covered with wood, and scattered trees climb almost to the top, which rather weaken the impression raised by this

noble rock: this part is a hanging wood, or an object whose character is perfect beauty; but the upper scene, the broken outline, rugged sides, and bulging masses, all are sublime, and so powerful that sublimity is the general impression of the whole, by overpowering the idea of beauty raised by the wood. The immense height of the mountains of Killarney may be estimated by this rock from any distant place that commands it; it appears the lowest crag of a vast chain, and of no account, but on a closer approach it is found to command a very different respect."

From what has been said respecting these echoes, it will hardly be necessary to add that tourists ought to be accompanied by a bugleman; Spillane has the character of being the best, and I believe has fairly earned the reputation. On the accompanying Map is shown the best station for the musician also,—the point where he will be heard to the greatest advantage. About a mile from the Eagle's Nest\* brings us to the Old Weir Bridge,—a structure composed of two arches, and which confines the channel so much as to render the passage through it after

\* "The mountains which rise on each side of the defile are not of great elevation, and with the exception of the one known by the name of the Eagle's Nest, they are not distinguished either for the gracefulness or boldness of their outline; but the great diversity and wildness of their surface,—an inexhaustible source of gratification,—will keep the eye constantly engaged during the whole passage from the Old Weir Bridge to the Upper Lake."



heavy rains a service of some danger; under these circumstances, it is usual for the passengers to land. The boatmen on the lake are, generally speaking, men of considerable experience, and persons need not be under any apprehension, except in times of flood. Indeed, unless persons are acquainted with the channel, or are previously informed by the boatmen of their approach to it, they are carried through so suddenly as to have little time for thought.

A short distance from this bridge is what is commonly called the 'Meeting of the Waters.' There is here a divided channel, one leading to Glens Bay and the Lower Lake, and the other to the Middle Lake.

This is a sequestered spot of extraordinary beauty, and comes so quickly and unexpectedly into view as to excite surprise and admiration. Sir Walter Scott, who visited the lakes in company with Miss Edgeworth, in 1826, was particularly struck with the beauty of this place. "Spillane, who was in the boat, told us that Sir Walter Scott appeared ill, scarcely made a remark the whole day, and expressed his admiration only once, when the boat was close to Dinish Island, where the waters of the three lakes meet,—then he exclaimed, 'Ah! this is beautiful.'"\*

Of Dinish Island it is impossible to speak in too high terms: as an opportunity will be afforded of examining it when visiting Muckcross demesne, it will not be advisable to land here, but proceed to examine the Middle Lake.

\* Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

This lake, which is also known under the name of Torc\* and Muckcross, is quite different in the character of its scenery from the other two, but it nevertheless possesses considerable attractions. The islands which in the other lakes add so much to the interest of the scene, will here be missed, yet this very circumstance is a source of variety. The bays in this lake are very numerous, and will well repay a visit: that of Dundag is particularly worthy of notice; Mr. Young thus speaks of it:

“The bay of the Devil’s Island is a beautiful one, enclosed by a shore to the right of very noble rocks

\* “What is to be said about Torc Lake? When there, we agreed that it was more beautiful than the large lake, of which it is not one-fourth the size; then when we came back, we said, ‘No, the large lake is the most beautiful;’ and so at every point we stopped at we determined that that particular spot was the prettiest in the whole lake. The fact is, and I don’t care to own it, they are too handsome. As for a man coming from his desk in London or Dublin, and seeing ‘the whole lakes in a day,’ he is an ass for his pains: a child doing sums in addition might as well read the whole multiplication table, and fancy he had it by heart. We should look at these wonderful things leisurely and thoughtfully; and, even then, blessed is he who understands them.”—*W. M. Thackeray*.

“Torc lake, which is reached after passing through the channel, is not at the first glance so attractive as either of the other lakes; but if the traveller do not coast round Torc Lake he will lose much. It has numerous tiny bays and coves, beautiful in form, and offering to the eye of the painter the most exquisite combination of colour; arising from the union of rock and foliage, and from the infinite variety of fern, lichens, and mosses, that overspread its banks.”—*Inglis*.

in various forms, crowned in a striking manner with wood, a rocky islet in front; to the left the water opens, and Torc mountain rises with that proud superiority which attends him in all these scenes.

“The view of the promontory of Dundag, near this place, closes this part of the lake, and is indeed singularly beautiful. It is a large rock, which shoots far into the water, of a height sufficient to be interesting in full relief, edged with a scanty vegetation. The shore to the right presents a circular shade of dark wood. Torc still forms the background in a character of great sublimity; and Mangerton’s loftier summit, but less interesting outline, is also part of the scenery.

“These views, with others of less moment, are connected by a succession of lawns breaking among the wood, pleasing the eye with lively verdure, and relieving it from the fatigue of the stupendous mountain scenes.”

In the peninsula of Muckcross, which forms one of the boundaries of this lake, a very valuable copper mine was at one time worked. It also possesses several quarries, producing marbles of a great variety of colours. Mr. Herbert, the proprietor of Muckcross, as also of a great portion of the adjoining property, has built a pretty cottage near the borders of the lake, from which excellent views of the surrounding scenery are obtained. The river, which flows from the Devil’s Punch-bowl, and which forms the Torc Cascade, empties itself into this lake a short distance from Torc cottage. Should the tourist have succeeded in seeing the various places mentioned above

during his first day's sojourn at Killarney, he may consider his time well spent. I would recommend him to return to his hotel, and enjoy the good things provided by the 'maitre de cuisine,' for which the mountain air will prove an excellent sauce.

## CHAPTER IV.

## KILLARNEY.

Lower Lake—Ross Castle—Innisfallen Island—Ross Island—  
Rabbit Island—O'Sullivan's Cascade—Glenn Bay—Ruins of  
Aghadoe.

THE Lower Lake is of such extent, compared to the other two, and possesses so many points of interest,\* that to examine its numerous bays and islands properly a day ought to be devoted to it. The principal island in the lake is Ross, which contains 158 acres; it is consequently by far the largest island in any of the lakes. It is not only worth visiting, from the beauty of its numerous walks, and the luxuriance of its timber, but likewise to view the fine old castle, which is interesting from the historical associations connected with it. It was the last stronghold in Munster that surrendered to the parliamentary army. It was built about the 14th century by one of the O'Donoghues, whose successors resided here for nearly three centuries afterwards.

\* "The Lower Lake is preferred by some to the two others; and although I do not coincide in this opinion, I willingly concede to it merits of a very high order. Its chief character is beauty; and certainly a spot of more loveliness than Glenn it would be difficult to find."—*Inglish*.

The name of O'Donoghue soon becomes familiar to the ear, being so frequently mentioned by the boatmen. Most of the rocks and small islands have been named after this hero, respecting whom the guides will only be too happy to give a good deal of legendary information, should they receive the slightest encouragement; they appear to be greatly pleased when they have the good fortune to meet with a traveller who possesses the faculty of listening. They are in general a very steady, well conducted, and I may add (thanks to Father Mathew) sober set of men. I was much amused at the answer I received from the cicerone of my boat in reply to a question I put to him. I had heard of a friend of mine having visited the lakes about a month previously to my visit: I asked him if he remembered a Mr. L—— being at the lakes in September. He said he could not tell, for he never made so *bould* as to ask gentlemen their names, but they were sometimes so *humane* as to tell it them. I believe he used the word *humane* advisedly. Nothing can exceed the inquisitiveness of the lower classes in Ireland, and particularly at Killarney, which perhaps is attributable to their having less to do than at other places, and consequently having more time to pry into their neighbours' affairs.

Some fine views may be obtained from Ross Castle of the surrounding scenery; that up the wild pass between Glengarriff and Torc is particularly worthy of notice.

There are also some fine echoes under this castle, which strangers must not fail to call into action.

This castle was surrendered by Lord Muskerry, in 1652, to the parliamentary army under General Ludlow.\*

Dr. Smith gives a curious anecdote respecting the influence which the unexpected appearance of a large vessel upon the lake produced on the superstitious garrison of Ross Castle. "A man," says the doctor, "whose name was Hopkins, and who, a few years ago, was sexton of Swords, near Dublin, was present at the taking and surrender of this place, and assisted in drawing the above-mentioned vessel into the lake, which Ludlow says was capable of holding 120 men. The Irish had a kind of prophecy among them, that Ross Castle could not be taken until a ship should swim upon the lake; and the appearance of this vessel contributed not a little to intimidate the garrison, and to hasten the capitulation: the said Hopkins lived to the age of 115 years."

There is only a small portion of this ancient castle now remaining: the modern additions are not calculated to improve its appearance, which is to be regretted, as it is one of the most conspicuous objects in the

\* The following is an extract from General Ludlow's dispatch:

"I marched with about 4000 foot and 2000 horse towards Ross, which the Lord Muskerry made his principal rendezvous, and which was the only place of strength the Irish had left.

"I was accompanied by Lord Broghell and Sir Hardress Waller. When we had received our boats, each of which was capable of containing 120 men, I ordered one of them to be rowed about the water, in order to find out the most convenient place for landing, which the enemy perceiving, thought

lower lake. Ross Island, which is more properly a peninsula, being only separated by a stream from the main shore, forms a portion of Lord Kenmare's beautiful demesne; it is admirably kept, which is attributable to the good taste of Lady Kenmare, who takes much interest in it. The walks are laid out to great advantage. Fortunately these alterations are not of too artificial a character, and seem to be carried out in the spirit which Shakspeare has alluded to :

"This is an art  
Which does mend Nature,—change it rather: but  
The art itself is Nature."

At one portion of it may be seen the débris of some steam engines which were employed about forty years since to pump the water from a very valuable copper mine, which was worked for some time by a joint stock company; they were finally obliged to abandon it, in consequence of the mine running under the bed of the lake, and the water breaking in through the fissures in the limestone rock. The ore appears to have been extremely rich, and sold for a high price at Swansea, some of it producing as much as £ 40 per ton. The total amount of ore raised is said to have been sold for £ 80,000. On the re-opening of these mines, several rude implements formed of hard stone were discovered in the shafts, proving that

---

fit, by a timely submission, to prevent the danger that threatened them, and having so expressed themselves, commissioners were appointed on both sides to treat; finally, 5000 horse and foot surrendered."



they had been worked at a very early period, probably by the Danes, who have the credit of being great miners. Lead ore is also said to abound in this island. Mr. Weld states that a proposal was at one time made to drain the lake, which, he says, would be impracticable, owing to the outfall not being sufficiently great: there is, however, a more serious objection,—namely, that of expense; the lovers of the picturesque, therefore, need be under no apprehension on this head.

A short distance from Ross, and about midway in the lake, lies the island of Innisfallen. Notwithstanding the numerous places of interest connected with the lakes of Killarney, perhaps none of them have engrossed more attention than this delicious little spot: it has engaged both the poet and the painter. It is only necessary to mention its name, to call to mind one of the most beautiful of the 'Irish Melodies,' beginning thus—

“ Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well !  
 May calm and sunshine long be thine ;  
 How fair thou art let others tell,  
 To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

“ Sweet Innisfallen long shall dwell  
 In Memory's dream, that sunny smile  
 Which o'er thee on that evening fell  
 When first I saw thy fairy isle.”

*Irish Melodies.—T. Moore.*

Another celebrated writer\* thus speaks of it :

\* Arthur Young.

“Of the Isle of Innisfallen, it is paying no great compliment to say, it is the most beautiful in the king’s dominions, and perhaps in Europe. It contains 21 acres of land, and has every variety that the range of beauty unmixed with the sublime can give. The general feature is that of wood; the surface undulates into swelling hills, and sinks into little vales. The slopes are in every direction; the declivities die gently away, forming those slight inequalities which are the greatest beauty of dressed grounds. The little valleys let in views of the surrounding lake between the hills, while the swells break the regular outline of the water. The wood has all the variety into which nature has thrown the surface: in some parts it is so thick as to appear impenetrable, and excludes all further view; in others, it breaks into tufts of tall timber, under which cattle feed. Here they open, as if to offer to the spectator the view of the naked lawn; in others close, as if purposely to forbid a more prying examination. Trees, of large size and commanding figure, form in some places natural arches; the ivy mixing with the branches and hanging across in festoons of foliage; while on one side, the lake glitters among the trees,—and on the other, a thick gloom dwells in the recesses of the wood. These are the great features of Innisfallen: the slighter touches are full of beauties easily imagined. Every circumstance of the wood, the water, the rocks, and lawn, are characteristic, and have a beauty in the assemblage from mere disposition.”

Of the beauties of this island all who have written.

on the subject are unanimous in their expressions of admiration.\*

Like its neighbour, Ross Island, it possesses considerable historical interest. It was selected by the monks, more than twelve centuries ago, as the site for an abbey, a portion of the ruins of which still exist: they showed their accustomed good taste in selecting so charming a spot: the care which was evidently taken in choosing a site for the religious structures of former ages is worthy of remark: what, for example, can be more charming than the situations of Tintern and Muckcross abbeys? A further interest is attached to this building from the circumstance of the celebrated annals of Innisfallen having emanated from a monk belonging to this abbey: several copies of this interesting document are said still to be in existence; I understand one is deposited in the library of Trinity College, and another at the Bodleian Library, Oxford; a portion of it, it is said, was written in 1216. Sir James Ware, who had it translated, says that it contains a general sketch of uni-

\* "One of the most beautiful islands on any of the lakes, or, I might perhaps say, on any lake, is Innisfallen. Never saw I such ash-trees as are here,—never such magnificent hollies. A walk round this little paradise well repays one. Although the island contains scarcely twenty acres, it offers a wonderful variety of scenery: little emerald lawns,—forest glades in miniature,—sylvan amphitheatres,—groves, bowers, and thickets of evergreens, and flowering shrubs,—and magnificent single trees, worthy of a primeval forest. There is an old ruin, too, on the island, and a banqueting-house erected for the accommodation of strangers."—*Inglis*.

versal history to the year 430, or thereabouts, but after this period the history of Ireland is written in great detail down to the end of the 12th century, and is continued by another hand to the year 1320.

It may not prove uninteresting to give the following extracts from it, which appeared in the 'Monasticon Hibernicum':

"Anno 1180. This abbey of Innisfallen being ever esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, the treasures and the most valuable effects of the whole country were deposited in the hands of the clergy; notwithstanding which, we find the abbey was plundered in this year by Maoldiun, son of Daniel O'Donoghue. Many of the clergy were slain, even in their cemetery, by the Macarthys. But God soon punished this act of impiety and sacrilege by bringing many of its authors to an untimely end.

"1197. December 19th, died Gilla Patrick O'Huihair, in the 79th year of his age; he was Archdeacon of Faithlin, superior of this convent, and the founder of many religious houses, to all of which he presented books, vestments, and all other necessary furniture. He was a celebrated poet, and was in the highest estimation for his chaste life, piety, wisdom, and universal charity."

Those who have known Innisfallen for a number of years, say that it has during their recollection suffered much in appearance from the destruction of its older timber, which has been caused in some measure by storms, but is also attributable to the axe of the woodman. There is no part of Killarney

where the timber grows so luxuriantly as on this favoured spot; the arbutus is particularly fine; this appears to thrive better at Killarney than in almost any other part of Great Britain, which is probably attributable to the mildness and humidity of the climate: it is calculated to excite one's surprise to see this tree growing out of clefts in the rock without apparently any soil. One of the peculiarities of the arbutus is, that the ripe and green fruit, also the pretty small white clusters of flowers which it produces, may be seen together on the same tree: the fruit is a small scarlet berry about the size of a strawberry, from which it has derived its name. This tree is greatly prized by the inhabitants of Killarney, and from it are manufactured boxes and ornaments of various kinds, which they usually solicit visitors to purchase as a little memento of their visit.

The beauty and variety of the colour of the mountain sides and islands are in a great measure attributable to the arbutus, which at various seasons of the year produces a great variety of tint; and it is further remarkable from the circumstance of its being in its highest bloom at the period when other trees display their nakedness at the fall of the leaf. There is some difference of opinion as to whether this tree is indigenous to the climate or was introduced here by the monks from Spain.

There is on this island the remains of a little building said to have been erected about the seventh century, with a pretty little doorway highly enriched: it is, however, fast falling into decay, and little pains appear to be taken as regards restoration.

The next island in size and importance is Brown or Rabbit Island. I am not aware that it possesses any thing of interest. Limestone is largely quarried here for agricultural purposes.

On the shore a short distance from Rabbit Island, on the side of Tomies Mountain, is O'Sullivan's Cascade.

"This waterfall, which derives its name from O'Sullivan, the ancient lord of the county, consists of three distinct and successive falls, each receding a few feet behind the other. When they are viewed from a rock in the centre of the stream, being all seen in the same line, they appear as one. The most considerable of them is about 15 feet in height: from its agitation among the rocks, which it encounters in its long course down the sides of the mountains, the water is reduced to foam, whose brilliancy and whiteness are augmented by the contrast of the deep gloom of air-pending oaks on either side of the cascade. Before it reaches the principal fall, the stream is perceived at a distance sparkling through the trees, and in places it appears to gush from the very branches.

"In a country less varied by the bold works of nature, this cascade would excite general admiration, but its extent is disproportionate to the other parts of the scenery. On a mountain such as Tomies, expectation anticipates a wilder and more considerable fall of water, so that the first sight of it is often productive of disappointment; but during the height of summer it is scarcely possible to conceive a more delightful retreat than this spot affords from the scorching

rays which dart upon the bare rocks of the mountain." \*

From O'Sullivan's Cascade we proceed to the Bay of Gléna, passing near several islands: a more glorious scene than this bay presents does not exist, perhaps, in the whole of the scenery surrounding Killarney: from the level of the water the sides of the mountain are completely covered with timber of the finest growth, and presenting a rich tone of colour.

The Bay of Gléna is one of the magnificent scenes which captivates every eye, and which, if Killarney were divested of every other charm that at present attracts the stranger to its shores, would in itself amply compensate for the toils of traversing the dreary and rugged country through which alone the lake can be approached.†

On the banks of this bay, Lady Kenmare has built a sweet little cottage ornée, charmingly situated. Not far distant from it, one has been erected for the accommodation of strangers, where they may have an opportunity of testing the excellence of the Killarney salmon, the flavour of which, it is said, is much improved by being roasted with skewers made from the arbutus, the advantages of which, I think, are rather imaginary than real.

\* Weld.

† "He who has never sailed along the shores of Gléna by the light of the moon, nor ever listened to the dying cadence of the echoes during the stillness of the night, may be justly pronounced a stranger to the fascinating charms of Killarney."—*Weld.*

This bay, like many other points already noticed, produces very remarkable echoes. Dr. Smith, who, in his celebrated History of Kerry, has taken much pains to explain the causes of echoes, &c., mentions the following singular circumstance, on the authority of Lord Bacon. He says, there are certain letters which no echo will return or express, particularly the letter S, of which he gives as an instance the celebrated echo formed by the walls of a ruined church at Pont Charenton, near Paris, where there resided an old Parisian, who took it to be the work of good spirits; "for," said he, "if you call Satan, the echo will not deliver back the devil's name, but will say *va-t-en*," which in French signifies *avoid*,—by which accident Lord Bacon discovered that an echo would not return an S.

I believe most of the points of interest connected with the lakes have now been noticed, with the exception of the far-famed stag-hunts which periodically take place here, and which usually are intended as a compliment to some distinguished visitor. I had not the good fortune of seeing one of these truly interesting exhibitions; I therefore gladly avail myself of the excellent description which Mr. Weld has given, and from whose beautifully illustrated work I have already taken the liberty of making several extracts, as well as from other distinguished writers. The opinions of such men as Mr. Weld, Mr. Inglis, and Mr. Young, cannot fail to prove highly interesting to the reader.

"On the day preceding the hunt, an experienced person is sent up the mountain to search for the herd,



and watch its motions in patient silence till night comes on. The deer which remain the most aloof from their companions are carefully observed and marked as the objects of pursuit; and they are generally found at the dawn of the ensuing morning in the vicinity of their evening haunts. Before the break of day, the dogs are conducted up the mountains as silently and secretly as possible, and are kept coupled until some signal (commonly the firing of a small cannon) announces that the party which commands the hunt has arrived in boats at the foot of the mountain; then they are loosed and brought back upon the track of the deer: if the business has been silently and orderly conducted, the report of the cannon, the sudden shouts of the hunters on the mountain which instantly succeed it, the opening of the dogs, and the loud and continued echoes along an extensive region of woods and mountains, produce an effect singularly grand. The deer, when roused, generally endeavours to gain the summit of the mountains, that he may the more readily make his escape across the open heath to some distant retreat: to prevent this, numbers of people are stationed at intervals along the heights, who, by loud shouting, terrify the animal, and drive him towards the lake. At the last hunt which I attended, a company of soldiers was placed along the mountain top, who, by keeping up a running fire, effectually deterred him from ascending: the hunt, however, begins to lose its interest after the first burst, and the ear becomes wearied with the incessant shouts, which drown the opening of the hounds

and the echoes of their mellow tones. The ruggedness of the ground embarrasses the pursuers; the scent is followed with difficulty, and often is totally lost for a considerable space of time: much confusion also arises from the efforts of the people on the water, emulous to follow the course of the hunt, especially if it should take a direction towards the upper lake, when the contending boats are frequently entangled among the rocks and shoals of the river which leads to it: those who attempt to follow the deer through the woods are rarely gratified with a view, and are generally excluded from the grand spectacle of his taking the soil, or, in other words, plunging into the lake.

“ It is, therefore, recommended to remain in a boat, and those who have the patience to wait so long as five or six hours are seldom disappointed. I was once gratified by seeing the deer run for near a mile along the shore with the hounds pursuing him in full cry. On finding himself closely pressed, he leaped boldly from a rock into the lake, and swam towards one of the islands; but, terrified by the approach of the boats, he once more sought for safety on the main shore: soon afterwards in a desperate effort to leap across a chasm between two rocks, his strength failed him, and he fell exhausted to the bottom. It was most interesting to behold the numerous spectators who hastened to the spot; ladies, gentlemen, peasants, hunters, combined in various groups around the noble victim as he lay extended in the depth of the forest. The stag, as is usual on these occasions, was preserved from death.

“ Whether the red deer will long preserve their numbers appears very questionable: for a series of years past they have continued much in the same proportion: very few are destroyed in the chase, with which parties are indulged; for when the animal enters the water, as he generally does, it is easy for persons in boats to take him alive and uninjured. It appeared from the marks on the ears of the last I saw taken, that the same mischance had befallen him twice before: the day after the hunt he was a third time, to the amusement of a large party of ladies and gentlemen, turned out of a stable of Colonel Herbert, and liberated in Muckcross domain, from which place, it was presumed, he would soon escape, and, by swimming across the lake, regain his favourite abode on the side of Glena.

“ Some years ago, the deer descended from the mountains in great numbers, swam across the river, and committed such depredations among the young plantations at Muckcross, that the proprietor was obliged to order all the interlopers to be shot: this reception soon taught the herds to keep within the bounds of their own forests. To other dangers I have not heard that they are exposed; even the marauders of the country, except in some instances, are said to respect them.”

“ The chase of the red deer affords a much higher gratification to the sportsmen than in most other places; for when a stag is hunted near the lake, nothing can be more agreeably surprising than the repeated echoes, it being scarcely possible to distin-

guish the real clangour of the French horns or the true cry of the dogs from the numberless reverberations of them among the rocks and mountains. The echoes which are caused by this sport reverberate the sound in a manner not to be described or believed by any but by those who have heard them,—the whole duration of a single sound being nearly a minute, and yet the repercussions are innumerable, and the variety inconceivable; but the reader may from this imagine that a most surprising musical effect must arise from the variety of notes issuing from the throats of a large pack of buck-hounds, enlivened by the cheering shouts of the sportsmen and the noise of the horns.”\*

The following are the lengths of the different lakes, according to the Ordnance survey :

|                                     |                       |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Lower Lake : extreme length . . .   | $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. |
| Greatest breadth . . . . .          | 3                     |
| Length of the Middle Lake . . . . . | 2                     |
| Greatest breadth . . . . .          | $\frac{7}{8}$         |
| Length of the Upper Lake . . . . .  | $2\frac{1}{2}$        |
| Greatest breadth . . . . .          | $\frac{1}{2}$         |

Before taking leave of the lakes, in order to visit Muckross Abbey, and other places of note in the neighbourhood, it may not prove uninteresting to give the opinions of some of the distinguished visitors who have written on the subject. Mr. Inglis says—

“It will not be irrelevant to say a few words, in this place, on the comparative merits of the English and the Irish lakes.

\* Dr. Smith.

“ Although the lakes of Killarney are three in number, yet they are all contained in one mountain hollow ; and certainly there is not, within the same compass, any thing in England presenting the same concentration of charms. There is infinitely greater variety at Killarney. In form, and in the outline of its mountain boundaries, the lower lake of Killarney is decidedly superior to Windermere ; and although the head of Ulleswater presents a bolder outline than is any where to be found at Killarney, yet it is upon this outline alone that the reputation of Ulleswater depends. Elsewhere than at Patterdale, the lake scenery is tame ; and the same may be said of Windermere, which, towards its lower extremity, is almost devoid of attraction. On the contrary, throughout the whole chain of lakes, there is variety at Killarney : tameness is nowhere to be found ; and I cannot think that the somewhat nearer approach to sublimity, which is found at the head of Ulleswater, can weigh in the balance against the far greater variety in the picturesque and the beautiful, which Killarney affords. It would be unfair to compare the lakes of Killarney with Windermere, Keswick, and Ulleswater ; for these are spread over a great extent of country ; whereas, the lakes of Killarney are all contained within a smaller circumference than Windermere. But even if such a comparison were to be admitted, Killarney would outvie the English lakes in one charm, in which they are essentially deficient ; I mean, the exuberance and variety of foliage, which adorns both the banks and the islands

of the Killarney lakes. Such islands as Ronayne's Island, Oak Island, Dinish Island, and Innisfallen, covered with magnificent timber and gigantic evergreens, are nowhere to be found amongst the English lakes. I think it will be gathered, from what I have said, that I accord the preference to Killarney."

Mr. Young writes of them—

"Upon the whole, Killarney, among the lakes that I have seen, can scarcely be said to have a rival: the extent of water in Loch Erne is much greater, the islands more numerous, and some scenes near Castle Caldwell of as great magnificence; the rocks at Keswick are more sublime, and other lakes may have circumstances in which they are superior; but when we consider the prodigious woods of Killarney, the immensity of the mountains, the uncommon beauty of the promontory of Muckross, and the Isle of Innisfallen, the character of the islands, the single circumstance of the arbutus, and the uncommon echoes, it will appear upon the whole to be in reality superior to all comparison."

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall thus speak of them:

"The charm of Killarney lakes, however, does not consist in varied graces of foliage,—the grandeur of encompassing mountains,—the number of green or rocky islands,—the singularly fantastic character of the island rocks,—the delicate elegance of the shores,—the perpetual occurrence of bays,—but in the wonderful variety produced by the combination of their attractions, which, together, give to the scenery a character inconceivably fascinating, such as the pen

and pencil are utterly incompetent to describe. The shadows from the mountains, perpetually changing, produce a variety of which there can be no adequate conception, insomuch that the very same spot shall present a different aspect twenty times within a day. Assuredly they far surpass in natural beauty aught that nature has supplied elsewhere in Great Britain; for, with scarcely an exception, the devoted worshippers of Loch Katrine, and the fervid admirers of the northern English lakes, have yielded the palm to those of Killarney: some, however, have qualified the praise they bestow upon 'the pride of Ireland,' by admitting only that the three lakes, considered as one, which they may naturally be, lying so close to each other, are together more important than any one of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland."

Sir David Wilkie says, writing of these three lakes, "For beauty or grandeur I have never seen them surpassed;" and Miss Edgeworth says that Sir Walter Scott considered the upper lake "the grandest sight he had ever seen, except Loch Lomond."

"To the great diversity of its different parts," says Mr. Weld, "is principally to be attributed the pleasing impression which the scenery of Killarney never fails to leave on the mind of every visitor. After traversing the wide expanse of the lower lake, surveying the beauties of its numerous islands, and exploring the windings of its shores, suddenly new and romantic passages open to view, which lead to other lakes and to other scenes still more inviting than

those which have already engaged and delighted the eye." \*

Lady Chatterton, in her interesting work on the South of Ireland, thus describes it :

"A region of enchantments,—a hundred descriptions of it have been written,—thousands of sketches of it have been made, but no description that I have read, or sketch that I have seen, made me familiar with Killarney. The Upper Lake and the Lower Lake, Muckross and Innisfallen, must be seen to be understood. It is the colouring, the gleam of sunshine,\* the cloud, the tone, the effect,—what, in short, cannot be conveyed by the pen without the cant of art, and is beyond the power of the pencil, that gives a magic to the scenery of Killarney. I say beyond the power of the pencil, because every

\* "The charms of landscape are in almost every instance heightened by the glowing tints and by the deep and lengthened shadows which are diffused over the face of nature by the setting sun; but the scenes of the lower lake of Killarney, especially those which are commanded from the hills, appear to so much greater advantage, that the objects which had been a source of delight in their sombre livery can with difficulty be recognized for the same in the splendour of their new attire.

"I have sometimes imagined that the sun sets with more splendour at Killarney than in other parts of the country; and indeed there can be no doubt that the diversity of light and colours in the sky is augmented by the vast collection of clouds which are attracted by the mountains as they come from the Atlantic. These clouds not only occasion the most grand and beautiful effects at the approach of evening, but exhibit infinite vicissitudes of light and shade throughout the day, altering from hour to hour the face of the landscape."—*Weld*.



thing changes its hues so rapidly, and the forms of objects seem to change with their colour, it is impossible to convey the variety of images presented to the eye: the eye may follow them as it follows the flash of lightning, but to record faithfully requires thought and profound repose, which dwell not here."

Sir Richard Colt Hoare thus speaks of Killarney:

"It is a mortifying circumstance that many of the finest views in nature, and which at first sight make the strongest impression upon the eye and the imagination, should defy both the powers of imitation and description. I have particularly found the failure of the pencil in lake scenery. What pencil can give an adequate idea of the supereminent beauties of the mountain and rocky scenery of Glena and Cromaglan,—can express the transient and fleeting effects of the clouds upon them, or trace their transparent reflection with waters beneath? What pencil can imitate the various tints of the numerous lichens, shrubs, and plants that deck the rocky boundaries of these lakes, or give a faithful representation of the fantastic forms that the rocks assume? In the name of my brother artists I will answer, none. The powers of the pen will fail equally in description: for when I say that the mountains of Tomies, Glena, and Torc are finely wooded down to the water's edge,—that the river abounds with every variety that rock, trees, and water can produce,—that the Eagle's Nest towers up most majestically from its banks,—that the surface of the Upper Lake is broken by numerous rocky islands and boldly indented shores,—that it is backed by an

almost endless range of the most picturesque mountains,—that the rocks which bound the lakes of Muckross and the Lower Lake have, by continual beating of the waves, assumed the most singular and fantastic forms, added to the most harmonious colouring, and that they are covered with arbutus, heath, and the greatest variety of plants imaginable,—shall I convey any idea of this enchanting scenery? I answer, no. The collected beauties of this favoured spot are so great and varied, and so superior to every thing I have yet seen, either in Italy, Switzerland, or England, that they can neither be delineated nor described: to be understood they must be seen.

“I have seen no spot more adapted for the school of the landscape-painter than Killarney, or where he may study all the component parts of a fine picture with greater advantage. The rocks that bound the shores of Muckross and the Lower Lake, with their harmonious tints and luxuriant decoration of foliage, stand unrivalled both in form and colouring. The character of the mountains is as grand and varied as the lakes, in which they reflect their rugged summits; and the inconstant state of the climate subjects each to the most sudden changes, and produces the most admirable effects of light and shade imaginable. Here, in short, the artist will find every thing he can possibly wish,—the beautiful in the Lower and Muckross Lakes, the sublime in the Upper Lake, variety in the river that connects the lakes, and the savage in the mountains that form the pass to Dunloe.”

## CHAPTER V.

## MUCKROSS DOMAIN.

Muckross Abbey—Muckross Domain—Brickeen Island—  
Dinish Island.

THE ruins of Muckross Abbey, which are situated in Mr. Herbert's beautiful domain, and which is a few minutes' walk from Mr. Roche's hotel, form one of the sights of Killarney par excellence. "No one," says Mr. Inglis, "must visit Killarney without seeing Muckross Abbey. It is a very beautiful and very perfect remain, and contains within it the most gigantic yew-tree I have ever seen; its arms actually support the crumbling wall, and form a canopy above the open cloisters: the trunk of this majestic yew measures thirteen feet in circumference."

It may be well to premise to the visitor to this fine old abbey that he must not expect to see a repetition of Tintern or Netley: it is not possessed of the beautiful pointed tracery which has made these magnificent structures as familiar as household words; it is however, in common with them, distinguished for the beauty of its situation; and to this circumstance, as well as association, must be attributed the interest which is attached to the building. Notwithstanding the numerous picturesque sites which the peninsula of Muckross presents, I question whether a more beautiful one than that which it occupies could

well be selected; it is so secluded and retired as to leave nothing to be desired in this respect.\* The present ruin, which occupies the site of a former building, and which, it is said, was consumed by fire, was erected about 1440. However, some difference of opinion exists on this subject,† as in the annals of the four masters it is stated to have been built a century earlier, namely 1340.

The abbey, which is situated on a slight eminence, consists of two parts, the church and the convent: the former is divided into nave, chancel, and transept; it also possesses a low square tower, &c., which divides the nave from the chancel. The whole structure is in a state of good preservation, which is, in a great measure, attributable to the care taken by Mr. Herbert to keep it as perfect as possible; and certainly the way in which these restorations are carried out deserves the greatest praise: they do not obtrude themselves too much.

The abbey is surrounded by a great profusion of timber, so that a view is not obtained of the building until within a short distance of it; it is, in fact, encompassed with an abundance of rich foliage.

\* It is impossible indeed not to extol the taste which the monks displayed in choosing a situation for their abbey.

† The exact period of the foundation of Muckross Abbey is not well ascertained: according to some statements, it was founded as early as 1340, but the authority of Wading has been adduced to the contrary. In the 'Monasticon Hibernicum,' by Rev. M. Archdal, the foundation is fixed at 1440, and ascribed to Donald M<sup>c</sup> Carthy.

The principal entrance to it is at the west end, and consists of a handsome doorway enriched with mouldings in the pointed style, and from which a pleasing view may be obtained of the large eastern window.

The entire length of the church is 100 feet, and its breadth 24 feet.

The transept is 36 feet in length, and, like the nave, is used as a place of burial.

The steeple is supported on pointed arches, and was capable of containing only a single bell. Dr. Smith states,\* that the bell was found, not many years ago, in the adjacent lough, and from the inscription was known to have belonged to this priory. He further adds, that this abbey was founded by Donald, son of Thady M<sup>c</sup>Carthy, in 1440, for conventual Franciscans, and repaired by him in 1468, and was again re-edified in 1602, but soon after allowed to go to ruin. It was formerly called Irrelagh, which meant 'on the lough.'

The cloisters on the north side, which is the most elaborate and perfect part of the structure, is a quadrangle, 46 feet each way, and is surrounded by a vaulted walk, 6 feet wide, the pillars supporting which are almost symmetrical, but the arches vary both in number and form: at two of the adjoining sides they are pointed, whilst at the opposite sides they are semicircular, and are altogether twenty-two in number. It is singular in what could have originated so odd an arrangement, which certainly does not improve the appearance of the structure. In the

\* 'History of Kerry.'

centre is a most remarkable yew, of enormous size, being nearly 5 feet in diameter. The tree is probably coeval with the abbey:—the yew is supposed to attain an age of 2000 years. “This tree, from the earliest ages of Christianity, was universally adopted as an appropriate emblematical ornament in the neighbourhood of churches and monasteries.”\*

The most picturesque views of the abbey are those from the south and west.

A recess in the wall of the refectory is pointed out as the place where a recluse of the name of John Drake took up his abode for a number of years.

There were, some years ago, heaps of bones and skulls lying about in every direction, and which received so little respect as forcibly to call to mind the words of the immortal poet :

“To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?”

“Imperious Cæsar dead, and turn’d to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:  
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall, to expel the winter’s flaw!”

Mr. Herbert has had these bones re-interred, and thus has been removed a source of much discomfort to visitors.

Mr. Young has given the following admirable description of the ruin :

“Muckross Abbey is one of the most interesting

\* Windele.

scenes I ever saw ; it is the ruin of a considerable abbey built in Henry the Sixth's time, and so entire that, if it were more so, though the building would be more perfect, the ruin would be less pleasing. It is half-obscurcd in the shades of some venerable ash-trees. Ivy has given the picturesque effect which that plant alone can confer, while the broken walls and ruined turrets throw over it

'The last mournful graces of decay.'

Heaps of skulls and bones scattered about, with nettles, briars, and weeds, sprouting in tufts from the loose stones, all unite to raise those melancholy impressions which are the merit of such scenes, and which can scarcely any where be felt more completely. The cloisters form a dismal area, in the centre of which grows the most prodigious yew-tree I ever beheld, from which a vast number of branches spread on every side, so as to form a perfect canopy to the whole space. I looked for its fit inhabitant,—it is a spot where

'The moping owl doth to the moon complain.'

This ruin is in the true style in which all such buildings should appear ;—there is not an intruding circumstance,—the hand of dress has not touched it : melancholy is the impression which such scenes should kindle, and it is here raised most powerfully."

"A ruined church is a common object, which, independent of the picturesque beauty it may possess, excites little interest ; but the sight of a monastery

carries us back to distant ages, and gives rise to a train of reflection which every mind of sensibility feels a pleasure in indulging. We remember that these places were the asylums of men who, voluntarily renouncing the seducing pleasures of the world, devoted themselves to the services of charity and of religion. Hither the aged peasants from the neighbouring hamlets flocked in the hours of sickness and of affliction, to obtain the advice and consolation of the Fathers, to crave the boon of charity, or implore the blessing of Heaven on the labours of their willing offspring. Hither, during the ages of violence and rapine, those who, by inclination, were disposed to retirement and to ease, could withdraw in safety from the dangers of contending factions, and devote themselves to the calm and tranquil pursuits of literature. These were the sacred retreats of learning, where the germs of knowledge were preserved till a more genial season bade them spring forth and flourish in open day.

“ At the same time we cannot behold these ancient fabrics, their long dismal aisles, their dark and narrow cells, without drawing a comparison, favourable to ourselves, between the gloomy and bigoted notions of monkery and the more enlightened opinions of modern days. Far from regretting their decline, the philosophic mind triumphs at the dissolution of institutions which were disgraced by vices of the grossest nature, where superstition was fostered, and the streams of knowledge polluted at their source. In this very abbey a miraculous image of the Virgin



Mary was preserved, by whose portentous movements, directed at will, the friars imposed on the credulity of many an unsuspecting votary. The Irish monastics, indeed, very soon lost sight of that virtuous and rigorous system which in early times had gained them the esteem and admiration of surrounding nations. Geraldus, who travelled in Ireland in the reign of Henry II., accuses the monks of that period of the greatest hypocrisy and licentiousness, and says that, amongst the many thousands in that country, scarcely one was to be found who, after the incessant exertions of fasting and praying, did not make himself ample amends during the night for the privations of the preceding day, by large draughts of wine and potations of various kinds, to an excess which passed the bounds of decency."\*

From the abbey a walk leads to the borders of the Lower Lake, and which presents some pleasing views : another pathway, known as the Rock-Walk, is also worthy of notice : both these are well worth visiting, as they present some most delightful views.

Of Muckross domain, which is the seat of H. A. Herbert, Esq., the member for the county of Kerry, much has been said, but I fear the most lengthened description would fail to give an adequate idea of its extraordinary beauty : it is of great extent, as it entirely encircles the Middle Lake, the road round which is about eight miles in length. Of this domain the late eminent Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, on being asked his opinion of it, said, that Louis XIV.

\* Weld.

might lay out a second Versailles, but that with all his revenue he could not make such a domain as Muckross.

The peninsula of Muckross, which forms a great portion of the domain, divides the Middle and Lower Lakes: the walks through it, therefore, constantly afford charming views of these lakes with the surrounding mountains in a different aspect from that which the views from the lakes present. The road which passes near Kilbeg Bay and Doo Lough brings us to the bridge which connects the peninsula with Brickeen Island, which is of the same size as Innisfallen; continuing the path leads us to a bridge connecting this island with Dinish,\* and through which the road continues leading to a pretty little cottage constructed for the accommodation of visitors: another bridge enables us to join the main land: again the road still continues near the borders of the lake, and finally joins the mail-coach road from Killarney to Kenmare, and which conducts us by Torc cottage, and near Torc waterfall, back to the entrance lodge at Cloghereen, a distance of eight miles, during the whole of which time Mr. Herbert's domain cannot be said to have been left, as the mail-coach road passes through it.

\* The island of Dinish affords a greater diversity of prospect than any place of the same extent on the confines of Killarney on passing round its shores. Torc Lake, the Bay of Glena, and the rapid river from the Upper Lake rushing in a torrent under the old weir bridge, successively open to view.

## CHAPTER VI.

Carrantuohill — Mangerton — Heights of Mountains — Gaddagh River — Hag's Teeth — Lough Callee — Lough Conragh — Anecdote of Mr. O'Connell.

THE two mountains which tourists usually ascend to obtain a view of the surrounding country, are Carrantuohill and Mangerton: the former, which is a portion of Macgillicuddy's Reeks, has gained some notoriety from the circumstance of its being the highest mountain in Ireland; it is 3414 feet above the level of the sea. It is hardly necessary to dilate on the commanding view which is obtained from this mountain on a clear day: at the same time it is a feat not to be accomplished without some little labour: it is from this circumstance, as also from its great distance from the lakes, that Mangerton is usually selected by tourists; but even the ascent of this latter must not be lightly regarded. With respect to the views which are obtained from them, that from Carrantuohill is the most extensive; it does not, however, include the lakes, a small portion of the Upper Lake only being visible in consequence of Tomies lofty head interfering: this is not the case with Mangerton, from which a perfect panorama of the lakes may be obtained; in fact, they appear from this elevation quite in miniature. From this point the mountains appear so numerous, and of such extent,

that one is not surprised at the Kerry man satisfactorily in his own mind accounting for their existence, by supposing that after the world was made, the waste materials were deposited here.

Before proceeding further, it may be desirable to give the heights of some of the principal mountains, lakes, and other points of interest, above the level of the sea, which are as follows :

|  |                         |   |      |
|--|-------------------------|---|------|
| Carrantuohill                            | } Macgillicuddy's Reeks | { | 3414 |
| Beenkeragh                               |                         |   | 3314 |
| Mangerton . . . . .                      |                         |   | 2756 |
| Purple Mountain . . . . .                |                         |   | 2739 |
| Tomies . . . . .                         |                         |   | 2415 |
| Devil's Punch-Bowl—level water . . . . . |                         |   | 2206 |
| Torc . . . . .                           |                         |   | 1764 |
| Lough Erhogh . . . . .                   |                         |   | 1408 |
| Cromaglan . . . . .                      |                         |   | 1226 |
| Eagle's Nest . . . . .                   |                         |   | 1103 |
| Lough Managh . . . . .                   |                         |   | 1074 |
| Lough Garagarry . . . . .                |                         |   | 871  |
| Head of Gap of Dunloe . . . . .          |                         |   | 799  |
| Gap Cottage . . . . .                    |                         |   | 648  |
| Anger Lake . . . . .                     |                         |   | 397  |
| Cushvalley Lake . . . . .                |                         |   | 337  |
| Black Lake . . . . .                     |                         |   | 334  |
| Cummeenduff Lough . . . . .              |                         |   | 213  |
| Ronayne's Island . . . . .               |                         |   | 117  |
| Upper Lake—Summer level . . . . .        |                         |   | 70   |
| Middle do. do. . . . .                   |                         |   | 65   |
| Upper do. do. . . . .                    |                         |   | 65   |

From the Victoria Hotel the distance to Carran-

tuohill is nearly fourteen miles : the greatest portion of the way can be traversed with a car ; a small portion is accessible for ponies, and the remainder will require scrambling and walking. There are two things which the tourist ought on no account to start without, namely, a basket of provisions and a good oak stick ; the former will be found an antidote for the mountain air, whilst the latter will prove invaluable in making progress. The road for a portion of the way is the same as that leading to the Gap of Dunloe ; we leave the Gap, however, on the left, and take a road leading to the Gaddagh river : the proper route will be pointed out by the guides, and I should recommend visitors not to proceed without one : in addition to thus saving much time, and probably avoiding inconvenience, these guides are capable of pointing out many beautiful and interesting views which otherwise would very likely escape the notice of a stranger. There are in this district so many who claim the privilege of acting in this capacity, that I question whether persons will be allowed to go alone, whether they like it or not. When visiting these lakes myself, I occasionally made my escape, as there are many scenes connected with Killarney which are so secluded and retired, that some persons prefer visiting them alone ; and being of this class, I frequently rambled about *en solitaire*, which I was enabled to do from having a map in my hat, to which I often referred : it was therefore a matter of some astonishment to them that I did not lose my way.

As it will take from twelve to fourteen hours to

get to Carrantuohill and back, it is desirable to start at daybreak, should the day be a favourable one; and on this point the guide ought to be consulted,—they are, in general, very correct in their prognostications of the weather. The road after leaving Dunloe passes through rather a dreary, and, for the most part, uncultivated district, until we arrive at the high ground, where views of some interest begin to appear.

On arriving at the side of a small rapid river called the 'Gaddagh,' which runs through the Hags' Glen, the ponies must be resorted to while being conducted along this glen, which brings us, after passing the Hags' Teeth, between Lough Callee and Lough Gouragh. Up to this point the ascent is tolerably gradual, but we have reached a level little more than a thousand feet. The ponies are no longer of assistance; every muscle will now be brought into action: after a couple of hours of severe labour the object of our toil is at last reached, and so grand and commanding a view is presented, as richly to reward one for the fatigue endured. The summit is flat, and presents a small area of table-land; on every side of which frightful precipices yawn beneath.

The view to the north extends beyond the Shannon. The mountain lakes on all sides appear to be without number. The inlets all round the south-west coast are within view: the bays of Tralee, Dingle, Kenmare, and Bantry are all in sight, and to the extreme south may be seen Cape Clear: as already mentioned, only a partial view may be obtained of the Upper Lake;

owing to the great elevation of the surrounding mountains.

The descent may be made into Commeenduff Glen, through which there is a rugged path leading to the Upper Lake; in which case, it would be desirable to have a boat in readiness at Lord Brandon's cottage, as I am inclined to think the generality of persons will not be inclined, after the ascent of Carrantuohill, to walk more than is absolutely necessary. At the same time I cannot conceive that any will be found who will not consider themselves amply repaid for the time and labour which must be devoted to it. There will accrue from it a more substantial enjoyment than the mere circumstance of being able to boast of having ascended the highest mountain in Ireland.

The following are the heights of some of the principal mountains in Great Britain, compared to Carrantuohill, which is 3414 :

|                                |      |
|--------------------------------|------|
| Ben Nevis (Scotland) . . . . . | 4373 |
| Ben Lomond, do. . . . .        | 3262 |
| Snowdon (Wales) . . . . .      | 3571 |
| Skiddaw (Cumberland) . . . . . | 3022 |

Owing to the facility with which Mangerton may be ascended, it is that which tourists usually select in preference to Carrantuohill. There is no reason, however, when time permits, why persons should not ascend both, as the views afforded by them are in reality very different. There are many points of interest connected with Mangerton, independent of the mere view which is obtained from it. The dis-

tance from Mr. Roche's hotel at Cloghereen to the foot of the mountain is about a mile. A great part of the ascent can be accomplished on ponies, as there is a rude bridle-road up the mountain, which those little animals can scramble up. They are, like the ponies in all mountainous districts, extremely sure-footed.

This mountain, at the time that Dr. Smith wrote, was considered to be the highest in Ireland: from subsequent examination, however, it has been ascertained that Carrantuohil exceeds it in elevation. Dr. Smith ingeniously ascribes the apparent height of the latter mountain to its conical formation. Mangerton, on the contrary, is what Mr. Gilpin would term a lumpish mountain: it forms, notwithstanding, I think, a noble object; and although it does not present so fine an outline as Torc, yet it gives variety,—and this very circumstance is one of the great charms of the scenery of Killarney. I cannot, therefore, agree with Mr. Inglis in considering Mangerton an ugly mountain: I suspect that the beauteous scenery of Connemara made him fastidious respecting the outlines presented by mountains. There is certainly no range of mountains at Killarney, or indeed in any part of Ireland, which can at all compare with the group known as the Twelve Pins, in Connemara, or the Killaries, which are in Joyce's country. But although these scenes are more sublime in character than any thing which Killarney presents, yet its scenery possesses in an eminent degree beauty and



variety of colouring, owing to the abundance of its timber, which would be in vain sought for in Connemara.

As we ascend the mountain, most noble prospects open to the view, and the boundary of the lakes become very apparent; in fact, there is no point from which their relative positions can be so well seen as from this mountain.

After some three hours' exertion, the Devil's Punch-bowl is reached, which is a lake of considerable extent, at an elevation of 2206 feet above the sea: it occupies a deep chasm in the mountain; it is evidently supplied from a spring, in addition to the water which drains into it from its precipitous sides. The water is extremely cold; this, however, is naturally to be expected from its elevated situation. The guide mentioned two singular circumstances, which I give on his authority; namely, that the water never freezes,—and secondly, that the lake itself contains no fish, although abundance of trout are found in the stream which flows from it, and which will be recognized as the source of the Oweengarriff River, which finally forms that magnificent waterfall, the Torc Cascade.

Dr. Smith states, that near the Punch-bowl is found a species of whetstone, which is highly prized: the grit is very fine, and, after being boiled in oil, serves all the purposes of a hone: it is of a light olive colour before it is boiled, but afterwards it becomes darker, and seems more smooth and compact.

On ascending a further elevation of about 500 feet we arrive at our long-sought-for destination; and, should the day prove a favourable one, a most charming view will be obtained, extending to the Shannon on the north, and including the bays of Dingle, Kenmare, and Bantry, on the south-west coast. A magnificent view is also obtained of Macgillicuddy's Reeks, which are seen to the utmost advantage from this point.

The numerous lakes which are seen amongst the mountains present a singular and pleasing effect, whilst the islands in the Upper and Lower Lakes appear like mere specks at this elevation.

To adventurous tourists, the best descent from the mountain is by Glenacappul; but this should on no account be attempted without the assistance of a guide: indeed, it is not advisable for persons who are strangers to this district to ascend either Carrantuohill or Mangerton without one: independent of the risk incurred of losing one's way,—these mountains, from their great height, frequently become enveloped in mist, and a stranger would, under these circumstances, be rather uncomfortably situated. Persons who descend by Glenacappul ought to leave early in the morning, as it requires some time, as well as exertion, to visit these numerous points of interest.

Glenacappul, or the Glen of the Horse, is so called, according to Mr. Windele, from one of these animals having been precipitated down the cliffs. Mr. Weld says, it takes its name from the excellence

of its pastures. It is a glen quite unique in character, and is almost inaccessible, except from one point, where the waters of the lake discharge themselves.

It is a work of considerable labour to visit this remarkable ravine, but it will amply reward those who undertake it: it presents a scene of wild and savage grandeur which completely baffles all attempts at description. I cannot call to mind having ever seen any thing similar to it; it is, for the greater part, enclosed by steep and rugged precipices, to which the eagle resorts without the fear of being disturbed. At the bottom of the glen are three dark lakes, which are known as Loughs Eragh, Managh, and Garragarry; the cliffs round which rise almost perpendicularly to an elevation in some places of more than 1200 feet above the bottom of the glen: the heights of the surface of these loughs above the sea are respectively 1408, 1074, and 871 feet: from this it will be seen that a considerable difference of level exists between them in a comparatively short distance.

Having visited these points of interest, it will be time to think of retracing one's steps, as, even from Cloghereen, the nearest place at which there is an hotel for visiting this mountain range, a distance of not less than twelve English miles will have been traversed before getting back to this village.

As in all probability considerable discrepancy will be found by the tourist to prevail in Ireland respecting distances, it may be well to mention that the

Irish mile is considerably longer than the English, being in the proportion of eleven Irish to fourteen English; and although the English measure has been introduced on most of the turnpike roads, the old distances are still adhered to with singular pertinacity by the lower orders, who consider '*the short measure*,' as they call it, an unwarrantable intrusion. The late Mr. O'Connell used to relate an anecdote with great glee, of an Irish coachman, who, like the rest of his fraternity, had a propensity for misstating distances, with the good intention of beguiling the tedium of coach travelling.

On one occasion an English traveller, having discovered the deception, pointed to one of the English mile-stones and taxed the driver with it, who, not in the least disconcerted, and looking with great contempt at the mile-stone, replied, "Ah, your honour, how could you expect correct information from any thing that has been so short a time in the country?" Whilst on the subject of mile-stones, I might mention a curious misconstruction with regard to the letters G. P. O., which are occasionally written on them, and which, it is unnecessary to say, stands for General Post Office, but which some of the lower orders construed thus, "God preserve O'Connell." A parallel case occurred with regard to the letters G. W. R. on the Great Western Railway: a worthy farmer, on being asked what they represented, replied, that he did not know, unless they meant "great way round."

- The lower orders of Irish are quite remarkable for

their ready answers. I was amused at an instance which occurred to a friend of mine in Dublin : a short time since, he desired a messenger to take a parcel to his residence, saying, "Don't forget the number, — it's one hundred and twenty-three:" the fellow replied in a breath, "Ah! then, is it forget one, two, three, your honour."

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE KENMARE ROAD.

Scenery on the Kenmare Road—Looscannagh Lough—View of Upper Lake—Cliffs of Cromaglan—Sir Richard Courtney—Cascade of Derrycunihy—Hyde's Cottage—Torc Cascade—Ruins of Aghadoe—Dunloe Castle—Lough Guitane—Coltman's Castle—Lord Kenmare's Domain—Description of the Lakes.

NOTWITHSTANDING the numerous attractions which Killarney possesses, the drive along the Kenmare mail-coach road will not be esteemed as amongst the least interesting of them.

It will not be too much to say, that in Her Majesty's dominions, on which the sun never sets, there is not a more truly picturesque drive than that which this road affords between Killarney and Looscannagh Lough. It was laid out by that talented engineer, the late Alexander Nimmo, Esq., and is quite a masterpiece of skill: at the same time that it affords a comparatively easy ascent, considering the nature of the country it passes through, it opens to the view some of the finest prospects which are to be obtained of this portion of the lakes. It is the road by which those tourists who go to Killarney from Bantry or Kenmare make their first acquaintance with the lakes.

On leaving Kenmare, the road, for about ten miles, traverses a rugged, and for the most part uninteresting country: shortly after passing Looscannagh Lough, however, which lays to the right, a sudden turn of

the road introduces us to the beauties of the Upper Lake, surrounded by its noble mountain ranges. Nothing can be more unexpected than the scene which is so suddenly presented to our view. There is one disadvantage, however, in visiting this place in the way proposed, which is, that in proceeding from Killarney the tourist is deprived of the agreeable surprise which a traveller experiences when coming in the opposite direction: on the other hand, I think persons who see the lakes for the first time from this road may momentarily be disappointed at the small extent of water which the Upper Lake, from this great elevation, presents. It was for this reason that I ventured to recommend persons who visit Killarney for the first time to proceed along the Lower Lake, through the Gap of Dunloe, and back by the Upper Lake, &c., as I think, by adopting that route, a more favourable impression is formed.

There are numerous elevated points along this road, which are remarkable for the beauty of the views they disclose: as it might be considered tedious to enumerate them all, suffice it to say, that those persons who do not ascend the cliffs of Cromaglan will lose much. A guide will be found most useful on this excursion, as he will point out many places of interest which might otherwise be passed over. Sir Richard Courtney is in great demand for this purpose: there is also a very obliging, civil fellow, whose name I forget, but it will perhaps sufficiently identify him when I mention the circumstance of his having only one arm. One of the first points we come to,

which is worthy of especial notice, is the glen through which the Galway river discharges a large volume of water: it forms in its descent the celebrated cascade of Derrycunihy, one of the finest of the Killarney waterfalls, and which is further interesting from the extreme beauty of its situation. I question whether in the whole environs of Killarney a more charming spot could have been selected than that which formed the site for Hyde's Cottage.

It is a sequestered glen, full of picturesque beauty, presenting in the foreground the sublime scenery of the Upper Lake, whilst in the rear glimpses of the cascade are caught through the luxuriant foliage of the trees.

The cottage, unfortunately, no longer exists, but the extreme beauty of its situation makes the place well worth visiting.

A small pathway leads down through the valley, which ought on no account to be missed. On leaving Derrycunihy the road winds round the hill of Cromaglan; and here the tourist ought to devote a short time, to avail himself of the fine views which are to be obtained from the sides of this rugged mountain. After passing the Eagle's Nest, the road winds round Torc Mountain,\* and finally leads us to Torc Cottage, near which is the celebrated cascade of that name: this waterfall is considered by many to

\* Torc mountain, though not so lofty as Mangerton, is a much nobler object; its outline is fine and graceful, rising to a point by easy stages, and sinking towards the plain in such a manner as to form an irregular cone.



be superior to either Derrycunihy or O'Sullivan's : it is certainly very beautiful, but, where they all possess so many attractions, it seems difficult to decide upon their respective merits.

To be seen to the greatest advantage, they ought to be visited after heavy rains,—a gratification which persons are sure to be afforded who make any stay at Killarney. The cascades here are extremely numerous, each mountain stream producing several, owing to the ruggedness of its sides.

Amongst the principal points of interest which remain to be noticed are the ruins of Aghadoe, Lough Guitane, and the scenery along the Cappagh River, which flows into it. These must be considered, however, as of secondary importance, compared to the places which have been already noticed.

Mr. Windele,\* who is a high authority on the subject of antiquarian research, gives the following description of these ruins :

“The remains of Aghadoe consist of a round tower, a small cathedral church in ruins, and a round castle called the ‘Bishop’s Chair.’ This last stands at the hill-side, about 260 feet to the south-west of the church, within an enclosure fortified by a fosse and earthen ramparts. It is in a very dilapidated state ; it is about 30 feet high, and its inner diameter is 21 feet ; the thickness of the wall at the door is 7 feet.

“The cathedral and round tower stand on what

\* ‘Historical and Descriptive Notices of the South of Cork and its Vicinity.’

may be called the table-land of the hill, and are surrounded by a thickly crowded burying-ground.

“The round tower stands 60 feet from the north-west angle of the church, and is called the ‘Pulpit’ by the peasantry. All that now remains of this ancient structure is the basement, reaching from the sill of the door downward: the height is about 15 feet; it measures in its outer circumference 52 feet; the diameter within the walls is 6 feet 10 inches; the wall is 4 feet 6 inches thick.”

From the top of the round tower a most magnificent view of the lakes may be obtained.\*

About four miles from the ruins of Aghadoe stands Dunloe Castle,† which occupies an elevated position at the south side of the River Laune. This castle was built, according to the annals of Innisfallen,—a document which has been already alluded to—about the year 1213. It appears to have proved at that period a position of considerable strength; and, during the wars of Desmond, was an object of frequent attack. It is said to have been taken by Ludlow, a general in the parliamentary army. Some good views are afforded from this situation; but, unless persons should be in

\* The most pleasing views from the hill of Aghadoe are found in the vicinity of a road which runs along its base at a short distance from the lake, leading from the town of Killarney to the River Laune.

† Dunloe Castle seems to have been erected for the double purpose of guarding the rivers and a defile in the great chain of mountains; it stands on the summit of a small conical hill: from its position it must, before the use of artillery, have been a place of great strength.

the neighbourhood, it will not repay a visit. Some curious antiquities have been discovered in the adjoining grounds.

Lough Guitane, which lies to the north-east of Mangerton mountain, still remains to be noticed. It is a lake of some extent, being about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length, and a mile in breadth, occupying about 400 acres. It is said to afford excellent fishing; but this may be said with equal justice of the great lakes, which abound in salmon and trout, and will afford to the lover of angling excellent sport. Persons are allowed to fish in any of the lakes with a rod.

The visitor to Lough Guitane is recommended to follow the course of the Cappagh river, which discharges its waters into the lough. It runs for a considerable way nearly due north and south between the mountains of Mangerton and Crohane, and presents some wild and romantic scenery, which is worthy of examination. The Hill of Bennaunmore rises to a height of 1500 feet above the level of the sea, and is about 1000 feet above the level of this river. Amongst the points of interest which yet remain to be noticed are Lord Kenmare's domain and Flesk Castle, or, as it is now commonly called, Coltsman's Castle, after the gentleman who built it. Permission to see Lord Kenmare's domain may be applied for at the lodge. Mr. Inglis says of it—

“The domain of the Earl of Kenmare is altogether lovely. Its lakes, and mountain views, and vistas, are beyond praise. I think I have never beheld any thing more captivating than the vista from the

dining-room windows, when the declining sun, streaming from above the mountain tops, falls slanting on the lake, and on the bright velvet lawn that stretches to its shore."

Dromhumper Hill, on which Coltsman's Castle is situated, affords some fine views of the lakes and surrounding scenery, and is worthy of being visited.

In addition to the points already noticed as affording good views, I must not pass unnoticed Dromyrourk Hill, near Cloghereen, and Knockreer Hill, which forms a portion of Lord Kenmare's domain.

In drawing this little sketch to a close, I feel I cannot consult the reader's interest better than by giving the following extract from a work which is replete with evidences of a pure and classical taste. I allude to an anonymous description of Killarney which was published in 1776 :

"The objects we have just taken a review of gave me such pleasure in the contemplation, that I cannot help wondering at those who profess themselves disappointed, and affect to decry them. Persons should be cautious in admitting preconceptions : if they expect to see something altogether great and stupendous in a circuit of ten or twelve miles, the variety of objects and the narrow limits of the scene must necessarily disappoint them ; for greatness in natural objects requires an unbroken uniformity of appearance, and that uniformity reigning over a widely extended surface. If they look for the awful and terrible, the happy temperature of the climate, which clothes even the rocks and precipices with a rich covering, and

overspreads the rugged face of the mountains with luxuriance, is a natural bar to it. But if beauties will content them, in every degree of the scale, from wild magnificence downwards, it is strange to me if they go away unsatisfied. Indeed, what can be more beautiful than the several views of a fine piece of water, studded with islands, encompassed by mountains, resounding with waterfalls, and reflecting on all sides the umbrageous trees and evergreens that adorn its banks? What can be more surprising than the fertility of the rocks, when the trees, too ponderous for their feeble roots, are often bent towards the earth, and flourish thus distorted? What more curious than different species of shrubs springing from the same decayed stock, which, no longer able to push forth leaves itself, serves as a nidus to others? And is there any thing more wonderful than the power of the echoes, which not only multiplies and reiterates the most ordinary sounds, but swells them to the pitch of natural thunder?

“To hazard an opinion, the prevailing character of Killarney is *variety*;—the second, *beauty*: magnificence is subordinate. Here Beauty, by her magic and diffusive influence, gives a grace to Variety, whilst Variety furnishes her benefactress with flattering contrasts: united, they present the fancy with the most delightful images of repose, tranquillity, unstudied order, natural wildness, and magnificence. Objects desirable in themselves derive new beauties from their position with respect to others; and even such as excite no pleasing emotions when viewed

•

singly, have often an agreeable effect in combination. But these relative beauties, as they result from the harmonious proportion of a number of parts, are entirely lost by an injudicious jumble of them; so that to see a multiplicity of objects to advantage it is necessary to class them with taste, and consider them in those lights and points of view where they neither run into a perplexing confusion on the one hand, nor a tiresome sameness on the other.

“The most magnificent view of the Great Lake and its environs is that from the Yellow Mountain, about two miles to the northward. The eye, passing over a rich valley, meets the lake in the centre, with the Eagle’s Nest and the other mountains which stretch to the Upper Lake. Behind it on one side are Glena, Tomies and Macgillicuddy’s Reeks, which lose themselves to the westward; on the other, Torc, Manger-ton, Glanfesk, and the Paps in the opposite direction, —all together forming a range of more than twenty miles. The wavering outline of these mountains is uncommonly beautiful; the lake is happily placed in the centre, and there is a degree of unstudied regularity in the whole, which, added to the majesty of the single parts, makes a noble, regular, and striking picture.

“Aghadoe was of old an episcopal seat and a place of some consequence; a ruined turret and the shattered walls of a cathedral are the only vestiges of it remaining. It stands on an eminence to the north of the lake, near the western extremity, and commands a most extensive prospect of its borders and islands.

Innisfallen and the western cluster appear from hence in perfect beauty; the shaggy sides of Glena and Tomies are finely opposed to the level shores; the distant islands, referred to their contiguous banks, have the air of so many promontories; and the stately mountains, Torc and Mangerton, rising from behind the peninsula of Muckross, complete one of the most beautiful scenes in nature.

“Dunloe Castle is the best station for viewing the lake from the west; it stands on a perpendicular cliff over the river Laune, about a mile from its source, and, with the surrounding scenery, is a very fine object. From hence the islands are seen in different, but less pleasing situations; the view is bounded to the right by Tomies and Glena, and taking in the sloping bank and the town of Killarney to the left, terminates agreeably on Muckross, and the high grounds beyond it: the several doublings and turns of the river that wind through the rich valley beneath, have a pleasing effect; and for a contrast, the bleak sides of the Reeks and the hollow glen which divides them from Tomies afford one sufficiently glaring.

“The views from the east are very numerous and beautiful; there is scarce a break or height along the peninsula that does not present a new face of things or a different arrangement of them: the eminence near the abbey, the meadows and gardens, at Muckross and the point of Camillan, where Torc Glena and the Eagle's Nest meet the eye at once, must be noted by the most careless observers.

“To those who would have a perfect knowledge of

the lakes, the top of Torc is the best station : from thence they appear as distinctly as if delineated on canvass ; but the minuter beauties are lost by the height of the mountain.

“ From the side of Mangerton there is a very commanding prospect of the great lake and the adjacent country, which shows the objects more in the light of perspective than that from Torc, at the same time that it preserves the natural arrangement of the islands and the sinuosity of the bays.

“ From the top of this mountain, ascended by a path of three miles, the prospect is wild and commanding : on one side lie the lakes ; on the other, at some distance, the noble river of Kenmare, along which the eye, passing for near 30 miles, reposes on the swelling bosom of the Atlantic. On all sides, save one, the country is mountainous. The lakes are seen from hence but partially, and in truth appear only as a drop of water to the vast ocean in view ; while the mountains which encompass them, compared with Mangerton itself, hide their diminished heads, declining all rivalry. Taken altogether, though far inferior even to the Maritime Alps in grandeur, and as much to the mountains in Switzerland and the Esterelles in Provence in fertility, they exhibit an appearance of nature so uncommon as must furnish the best informed fancy with new and picturesque images.

“ The most desirable view of the Upper Lake is from the east, on the cliffs of Cromaglan, or Boli-nendra : the islands and mountains are seen from thence in a very happy arrangement ; and there is a



certain air of wildness in the prospect which borders on the romantic.

“These are some of the views from the banks and eminences in the neighbourhood of the lakes that appeared to me the most pleasing: those from the lake itself, though not so numerous, are no less beautiful; but they are so extensive, and it is so difficult to convey an adequate idea of their nice varieties and differences, that I shall barely hint at one or two as the most distinguished classes.

“Torc, when viewed from the lake below, has some pretensions to grandeur: it rises to a respectable height, fills the eye with an unbroken surface of two miles in extent, and is one great and uniform object. But greatness is a relative term, and that degree of it we speak of is rather calculated to give the mind a certain taste of grandeur, than to satisfy it with a complete idea.

“From the river immediately beneath, the rugged appearance of the Eagle’s Nest inspires surprise and awe; but the sportive hand of Nature has so managed it, that these feelings never border upon that anxious uneasiness which attends the contemplation of objects, properly speaking, terrible.

“From the Upper Lake, between Arbutus and Roseburkie, the western isles are seen at a due distance, and appear to great advantage. The eye is confined on each side by two uniform risings, and the background of the picture is occupied by the amphitheatre of mountains, which encompasses the western valley. There is a beauty in the islands, a wildness in the

mountains, and a magnificence in the air of the whole prospect, which not only amuses the mind, but seems to exalt and expand it, and awakens such sentiments as one feels from a sublime passage in Homer or Milton.

“The effect of many of these views is, in my opinion, much heightened by the vast volumes of clouds which are rolled from the Atlantic, and resting on the summits of the mountains, clothe them with majesty: the different masses of light and shade traversing the lakes in succession, as the shifting bodies above float across them, exhibit all the varieties of night and day, almost at the same instant. The mists interposing their dull yet transparent coverings to the view, raise new desires of a fuller and clearer prospect; and the wandering vapours, flitting from cliff to cliff, as if in search of the clouds from which they have been separated, amuse the eye with their varieties and irregular motions.

“After all, this happy spot labours under one disadvantage,—and one, too, I am the more adverse to mention, since so celebrated a writer as Doctor Johnson has thought it sufficient, in the case of Loch Lomond, to counterbalance so many natural beauties,—and this is no other than the immense rains which fall here more abundantly, and that even in the best seasons for visiting the lake, than in any other part of the kingdom. But surely Philosophy will suggest many topics to quiet our complaints on this head: she will tell us, that to expect perfection in things sublunary, is to wish where we cannot hope; that

the cup of pleasure, even when presented to us by the pure hand of Benevolence, is never without some unpalatable ingredients; that where Nature has provided us with so rich a repast, where she has displayed such enchanting scenery to the eye, and accumulated all this variety of entertainment, we ought to enjoy her bounties in the time, manner, and circumstance she chooses to exhibit them. But if we should further discover that the limitations she sets to our pleasures are necessary to our being pleased at all,—that what we call a disadvantage is the spring and source of all we admire,—that the Hyades are here the handmaids of Flora;—for that without these perpetual effusions of rain we complain of, the rocks must resign their vegetable inhabitants, the rivers mourn their exhausted urns, and the cascades no longer resound, save in the dull ear of Memory;—that the living lake itself must dwindle into an inconsiderable pool, and the mountains, stript of their honours, become a dreary waste, the abode of gloom and barrenness;—in this case, surely, our complaints must be turned to admiration, and our regrets to a grateful acquiescence. We may here exclaim, in the spirit of Homer,

“ With gold-embroidered locks, the exulting Seasons  
Received her from the hands of forming Nature,  
And round her silver margin did encircle,  
With never-fading forms, umbrageous hills,  
Sweet vocal valleys, plains enamell'd o'er  
With many a flower.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

## CONCLUSION.

THE following observations on the picturesque appear to me to possess so much merit, that I make no apology for introducing them. They are from the pen of the late Rev. W. Gilpin, — a name intimately associated with some of the most interesting and instructive works that have been written on the scenery of Great Britain. The following remarks are taken from his work on the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. He thus describes the various sources of beauty which lake and mountain scenery afford. He says :

“ In a mountain, four things particularly strike us : —its *line*, the *objects* which adorn its *surface*, its *tints*, and its *light* and *shade*.

“ The beauty of a distant mountain in a great measure depends on the line it traces along the sky, which is generally lighter than the mountain. The pyramidal shape and easy flow of an irregular line will be found here, as in other delineations, the truest source of beauty.

“ Mountains, therefore, rising in regular mathematical lines, or in whimsical, grotesque shapes, are

displeasing. Of this class are Burnswork, in Scotland, Thorpe Cloud, in Derbyshire, and a mountain in Cumberland, which, from its peculiar shape, takes the name of Saddle-back. All form disagreeable lines; and, from the same cause, many of the pointed summits of the Alps are objects rather of singularity than of beauty. Such forms, also, as suggest the idea of lumpish heaviness are disgusting,—round swelling forms, without any break to disencumber them of their weight.

“Indeed, a continuity of line without a break, whether it be *concave*, *straight*, or *convex*, will always displease, because it wants variety, unless, indeed, it be well contrasted with other forms; the effect also of a broken line is bad, if the breaks are regular.

“The sources of deformity in a mountain will easily suggest those of beauty, if the line swell easily to an apex; and yet by irregular breaks, which may be varied in a thousand modes, it must be pleasing.

“And yet abruptness itself is sometimes a source of beauty, either when it is in contrast with other parts of the line, or where rocks or other objects account naturally for it.

“The same principles on which we seek for beauty in *single* mountains will help us to find it in a *combination* of them. If they break into mathematical or fantastic forms,—if they join heavily together in lumpish shapes,—if they fall into each other at right angles,—or if their lines run parallel,—in all these cases the combination will be more or less disagreeable, and *à converse*, of course the reverse.

“The objects which cover the surface of mountains are, wood, rocks, broken ground, heath, and mosses of various hues.

“The tints, which are the most beautiful ornaments of the mountains, are of all colours, but the most prevalent are purple and yellow: we can hardly consider blue as a mountain tint; it is the mere colouring of the intervening air, the hue which naturally invests all distant objects, as well as mountains. The variety of these tints depends on many circumstances, the season of the year, the hour of the day, a dry or a moist atmosphere.

“The lines and shapes of mountains (features strongly marked) are easily caught and retained, but these meteor forms, this rich fluctuation of airy hues, offer such a profusion of variegated splendour, that they are continually illuding the eye with breaking into each other, and are lost in the endeavour to retain them. This airy colouring, though in sunshine it appears most brilliant, yet, in some degree, is generally found in those mountains where it prevails.

“He who would study light and shade must repair to the mountains; there he will see their most magnificent effects.

“It is an agreeable amusement to watch the shadows in their slow and solemn march over the mountains, to observe how the morning sun sheds only a faint catching light upon the summits of the hills through one general mass of hazy shade: in a few hours, how all this confusion is dissipated!—how the lights and shades begin to break and separate, and take their

form and breadth!—how deep and determined the shadows are at noon!—how fugitive and uncertain as the sun declines, till its fires, glowing in the west, light up a new radiance through the landscape, and spread over it, instead of sober light and shade, all the colours of nature in one bright momentary gleam.

“It is equally amusing to observe the various shapes which mountains assume through all this variety of illumination,—rocks, knolls, and promontories taking new forms, appearing and disappearing as the sun wears round, whose radiance, like varnish on a picture (if I may use a degrading comparison), *brings out* a thousand objects unobserved before.

“To these more permanent effects of illumination may be added another species, which arise from accident; I mean those partial fitting shades which are occasioned by floating clouds. These may sometimes produce a good effect, but they contribute as often to disturb the repose of a landscape.

“To painters, however, they are of great use, who are frequently obliged by an untoward subject to take the advantage of every probability to produce an effect.

“The principal incidents observable in lakes are their *line of boundary*, their *islands*, and the difference of the *surface* of the water.

“The *line of boundary* is very various; sometimes it is boldly broken by a projecting promontory, sometimes indented by a creek, sometimes it serpentine along an irregular shore, and sometimes swells into a winding bay: in each of these circumstances it is

susceptible of great beauty and great variety; in all it certainly deserves attention, for as it is a line of separation between land and water, it is of course so conspicuous a boundary, that the least harshness in it is discernible. I have known many a good landscape injured by a bad water boundary.

“ This line, it may be further observed, varies under different circumstances: when the eye is placed *upon* the lake, the line of boundary is a *circular thread*, with little variation, unless where some promontory of more than usual magnitude shoots into the water; all smaller irregularities are lost. The particular beauty of it, under this circumstance, consists in the opposition between such a thread and the irregular line formed by the summits of the mountains.

“ But when the eye is placed on the higher grounds, *above* the level of the lake, the line of boundary takes a new form, and what appears to the levelled eye a circular thread becomes now a varied line, projecting and retiring more or less, according to the degree of the eye's elevation. The circular thread was indebted for its principal beauty to contrast; but this, like all other elegant lines, receives its principal beauty from form.

“ Islands in a lake are either a beauty or a deformity to the lake, as they are shaped or stationed.

“ If the island be round, or of any other regular form, or if the wood upon it be thick and heavy (as I have observed some planted with a close grove of Scotch fir), it can never be an object of beauty,—at hand it is a heavy lump, at a distance a murky spot.



“ Again, if the island (however beautifully shaped or planted) be seated in the centre of a round lake, in the focus of an oval, or in any regular position, the beauty of it is lost, at least in some points of view.

“ But when its lines and shape are both irregular,—when it is ornamented with ancient oak, rich in foliage, but light and airy,—and when it takes some irregular situation in the lake,—then it is an object truly beautiful,—beautiful in itself, as well as in composition: it must, however, be added, that it would be difficult to place such an object in any situation that would be equally pleasing from every point of view.”

THE END.

*The following is the derivation of many of the names which have been so frequently mentioned in the foregoing pages, and which will doubtless prove of interest to the reader :*

- Brickeen—"troutling,"—the place of little trout.  
Cahernane—Carn, "heap," as of stones, &c.  
Camillan—Cam, "crooked," and Aill, "cliff."  
Carrantuohill—Carran, "reaping-hook," and Tuohill, "awkward."  
Cloghreen—Clochar, "steeple," and the diminutive "in."  
Cromaglan—Crom, "bending," and Glean, "valley."  
Denagh—"sad."  
Derrycunihy—Dair, "oak,"—Carn, "heap."  
Dinish—Din, "pleasant," and Ish, "island."  
Dunloe—Dun, "fortress," and Loe, "water."  
Fleak—Fleasg, "water."  
Glens—Gleannagh, the adjective of Gleann, "valley."  
Glenacappul—Gleann, "valley," Na, "of the," and Cappul, "horse."  
Innisfallen—Inis, "island," and Fallen, "beauty."  
Irrelagh—Air-re-loch, "on the lake."  
Killarney—Cill, "church," and Arnaigh, "prayer."  
Leine—"Pool, or Lake."  
Mangerton—Moin, "mountain," Garbl, "rough," and Tan, "district."  
Macgillicuddy's Reeks—Mac, "son," Giolla, "page," and Coda, a proper name—The son of Cuddy's page.  
Reeks, from Ricis, "Flame," to denote, according to Mr. Jones, the pyramidal appearance of their summits.  
Reen—Rian, "sea;" thus "Reen Point," means "sea point."  
Ross—Ros, "pleasant," also "a place near the water."  
Tomies—Tom, "grove," and As "cascade."  
Torc—"boar."

IN THE PRESS, SHORTLY WILL BE PUBLISHED,

BY

W. H. SMITH & SON,

136, STRAND.

---

A GUIDE TO  
CONNEMARA AND JOYCE'S COUNTRY.

WITH MAPS, ETC.

"I do not hesitate for a moment to say, that the scenery, in passing from Clifden to the Killeries and Leenane, is the finest in Ireland. In boldness of character, nothing at Killarney comes at all near to it; and although the deficiency of wood excludes the possibility of a competition with Killarney in picturesque beauty, I am certainly of opinion that the scenery of this part of Connemara, including especially the Killeries, which is in Joyce's country, is entitled to rank higher than the more prized, because better known, scenery of Killarney. I would not be understood as saying one word in disparagement of Killarney, which, in the combination of form and colour, is not to be surpassed: but in speaking of Killarney, I think I ventured to observe, that no approach to sublimity was to be found; and as, in the part of Ireland of which I am now speaking, there are undoubted approaches to the sublime, with all of the picturesque besides that depends upon form, I think these ought to weigh heavier in the balance than the softened beauty which at Killarney is created by abundance and variety of wood, and consequent splendour of colouring. I know that

a far stronger impression was made on my mind in this journey than by any thing I saw at Killarney. Be it known, too, that this is a country of lakes,—lakes with as fine mountain boundaries as are to be found in the three kingdoms.”—*Inglis*.

“The Clifden car conducts the passenger over one of the most wild and beautiful districts that it is ever the fortune of a traveller to examine, and I could not help thinking as we passed through it, at how much pains and expense honest English cockneys are to go and look after natural beauties far inferior in countries which, though more distant, are not a whit more strange than this one.”—*W. M. Thackeray*.

“At Ballinahinch I found myself amidst the splendid mountains called the Twelve Pins, situated on the right, their conical tops rising to the height of from 2000 to 2500 feet; the loftiest bearing the name of *Lettery*.

\* \* \* \* \*

“We now doubled the extreme westerly base of the Twelve Pins, leaving this fine cluster of mountains on our right. The scenery here is bold, wild, and solitary, and for this I like it the more. We soon came in sight of the Killery harbour. This is a singular inlet of the sea, running up eight or nine miles into the heart of the mountain, like a narrow, deep canal, in which the largest ship of the line may find water enough, but the width is not more than three-quarters to one-eighth of a mile. It is hemmed in on one side by the base of the mountain-peaks of the Pins and their branches, and on the other by the Mulrea, and the mountainous promontory of Morriak. It thus bears a nearer resemblance to a Norwegian fiord than any other inlet I have seen out of that country.”—*Barrow*.

*In the press, shortly will be published,*

## A GUIDE TO THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

WITH MAPS, ETC.

“There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;  
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.”

*T. Moore*

“It is certainly a great advantage, that which is possessed by the inhabitants of Dublin of being able, during a three days’ tour, to see so sweet an union of the beautiful and the picturesque as many parts of Wicklow present, and even to form a conception of the still higher attractions of mountain scenery. It is true every thing here is *en petit*, but it is a beautiful minuteness.”—*Inglis*.

“Immediately after driving through the town of Arklow, and turning sharply to the westward, the road took us suddenly to the commencement of a beautiful valley, of which the scenery was at once changed and varied as rapidly as one sees in a pantomime. This was the Vale of Avoca, a spot one has heard much of, and a lovely one it unquestionably is.”—*Barrow*.

---

*In the press, shortly will be published,*

## A GUIDE TO THE GIANT’S CAUSEWAY.

WITH MAPS, ETC.

---

SMITH & SON, 136, STRAND.









